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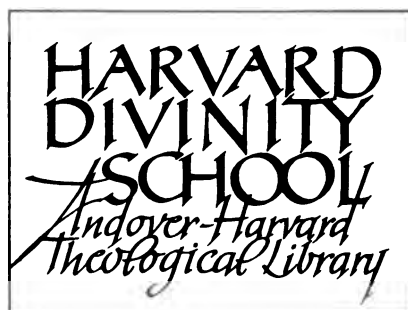
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Gospel  
Tent Songs.

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**NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY**

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# **Gospel Tent Songs**

Selected by

**F. H. Jacobs and I. Allan Sankey**

**AT THE REQUEST**

**OF THE**

**EVANGELISTIC COMMITTEE**

**OF GREATER NEW YORK**



**PUBLISHED BY**

**The Biglow & Main Co.**

**LAKESIDE BUILDING  
CHICAGO**



**135 FIFTH AVE., COR. 20TH ST.  
NEW YORK**

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**Cloth Bound Edition, gold stamp, 25c. per copy; 3c. extra, by mail.**

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# Gospel Tent Songs.

## No. 1. He, Who Safely Keepeth.

LYMAN G. CUYLER.

"He slumbers not nor sleeps."—Ps. 121 : 3.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. He who safely keep - eth, Slumbers not, nor sleepeth; Tho' by all the  
 2. He will keep me ev - er, Where no power can sev - er From my heart, the  
 3. He will keep me ev - er; Like a gen - tle riv - er Peace from Him, my

world for-sak-en, Wherefore should I fear? That which He hath spo-ken  
 love that hides me In His se-cret place. There in faith a - bid - ing,  
 Lord and Saviour, Comes with joy to me; In its qui - et flow - ing,

Never can be broken; Who shall harm the trusting heart When He is near?  
 All to Him con-fid - ing, Thro' His spirit I am sealed An heir of grace.  
 Life and health bestowing, Till within the gates of pearl The King I see!



# No. 2.      *Lead Me, O My Saviour.*

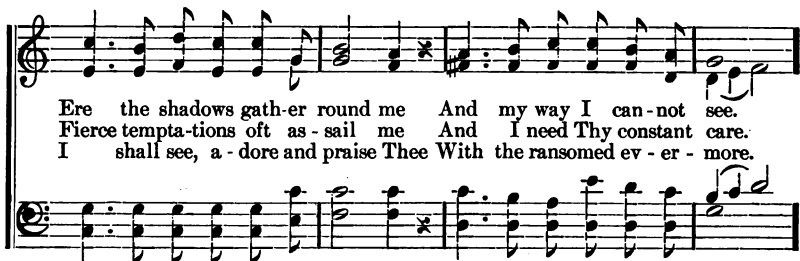
"For thy name's sake lead me."—Ps. 31 : 3.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me, Clos - er would I cling to Thee,  
 2. Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me, Keep my heart from every snare;  
 3. Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me, Till at last, my journey o'er,




Ere the shadows gath - er round me And my way I can - not see.  
 Fierce tempta - tions oft as - sail me And I need Thy constant care.  
 I shall see, a - dore and praise Thee With the ransomed ev - er - more.

## CHORUS.



Lead, me, lead me, Grant Thy strength and grace di -  
 Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me, O my Saviour, Grant, O grant Thy



vine..... Let my thoughts on Thee be  
 strength and grace di - vine; Let my thoughts on




cen - tered And my will be lost in Thine.....  
 Thee be cen - tered lost in Thine.

# No. 3. The Dearest Name of All is Jesus.


"A name above every name."—EPH. 1: 21.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS, arr.

H. P. DANKS.

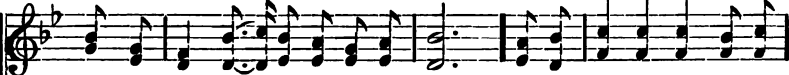


1. O, the dear - est name of all is Je - sus, Sweet - est  
 2. O, the dear - est name of all is Je - sus, Sweet - er  
 3. O, the dear - est name of all is Je - sus, Sweet - est




word that mortal tongues can frame, Blessed Je - sus, Precious Je - sus,  
 far than all the names of earth, Blessed Je - sus, Precious Je - sus,  
 name that fills the realms a - bove, Blessed Je - sus, Precious Je - sus,


## REFRAIN.



There is mu - sic in the Saviour's name. }  
 'Twas an Angel's voice proclaimed His birth. } 'Tis the dearest name, 'Tis the  
 I will sing of the wonders of His love. }



sweet - est name, It has power to break the bonds of sin. Bless - ed



Je - sus, Precious Je - sus, Thro' His name e - ter - nal life I'll win.

## No. 4.

## The Whole World.

E. E. HEWITT.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. The whole world needs the gos - pel, Good tid - ings from a - bove,  
 2. The whole world needs the gos - pel, "Go ye," the Mas - ter said,  
 3. The whole world needs the gos - pel, The Word of liv - ing light;

The mes - sage of sal - va - tion Of God's re - deem - ing love.  
 And when we do His er - rands, In His own steps we tread.  
 To drive a - way the dark - ness Of sin's long, gloom - y night.

O be it ours to send it Where - ev - er souls may be,  
 For He came down from heav - en, To do His Fa - ther's will,  
 We'll bear the bless - ed sto - ry, Like morn - ing sun - shine fair,

A - cross the hills and val - leys, A - cross the roll - ing sea.  
 To seek and save lost sin - ners, His work we'll fol - low still.  
 We'll tell the world of Je - sus, That all our joy may share.

## CHORUS.

The whole world, the whole world, Needs now the Word of Life so free,

# The Whole World.—Concluded.

The whole world, the whole world, Needs Him who saveth you and me.

## No. 5.

## Kept for Jesus.

EDITH G. CHERRY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Kept, by the power of God;  
 2. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Serv - ing as He shall choose;  
 3. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Kept from the world a - part;  
 4. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Oh, to be all His own!

Kept, from the world un - spot - ted, Tread - ing where Je - sus trod.  
 "Kept" for the Mas - ter's pleas - ure; "Kept" for the Mas - ter's use.  
 Low - ly in mind and spir - it, Gen - tle and pure in heart.  
 Kept, to be His for - ev - er, Kept, to be His a - lone!

### CHORUS.

Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Lord, at Thy feet I fall;

*rit.*  
 I would be "nothing, nothing, nothing;" Thou shalt be "all in all."

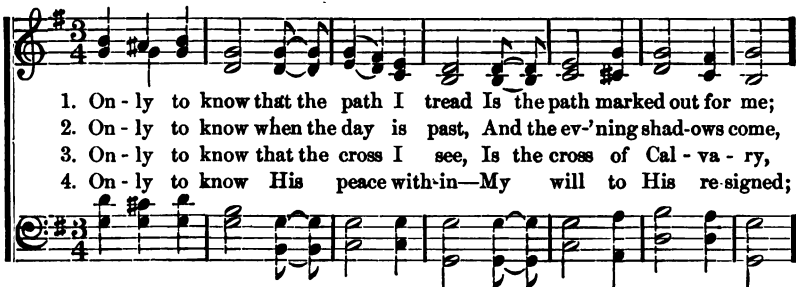
# No. 6.

# Only to Know!

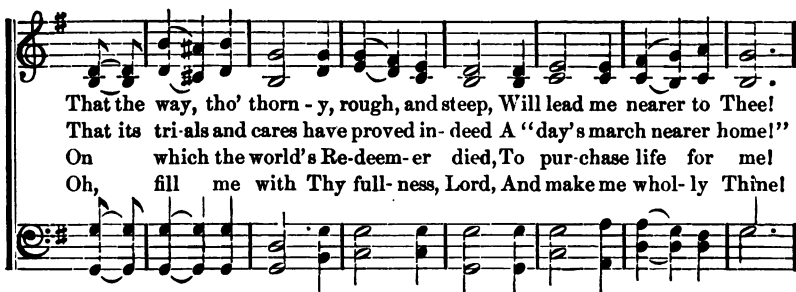
"Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk."—Ps. 143: 8.

ALICE STARBRIGHT.

IRA D. SANKEY.

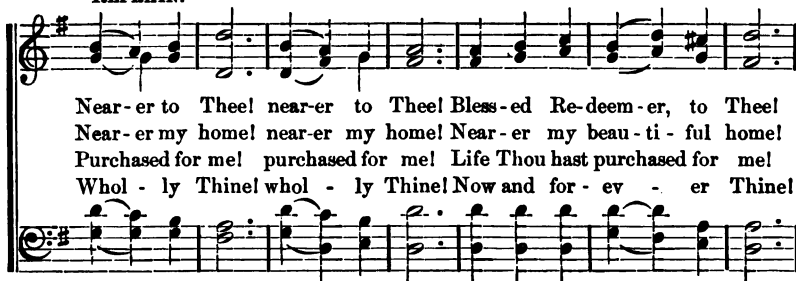


1. On - ly to know that the path I tread Is the path marked out for me;  
 2. On - ly to know when the day is past, And the ev-'ning shad-ows come,  
 3. On - ly to know that the cross I see, Is the cross of Cal - va - ry,  
 4. On - ly to know His peace with-in—My will to His re-signed;

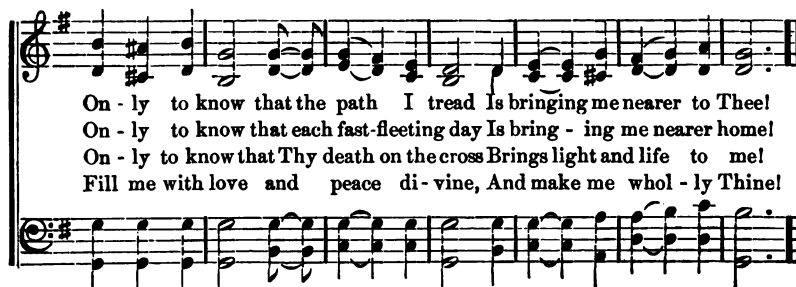


That the way, tho' thorn - y, rough, and steep, Will lead me nearer to Thee!  
 That its tri-als and cares have proved in- deed A "day's march nearer home!"  
 On which the world's Re-deem-er died, To pur- chase life for me!  
 Oh, fill me with Thy full-ness, Lord, And make me whol- ly Thine!

## REFRAIN.



Near-er to Thee! near-er to Thee! Bless-ed Re-deem-er, to Thee!  
 Near-er my home! near-er my home! Near-er my beau- ti - ful home!  
 Purchased for me! purchased for me! Life Thou hast purchased for me!  
 Whol - ly Thine! whol - ly Thine! Now and for - ev - er Thine!



On - ly to know that the path I tread Is bringing me nearer to Thee!  
 On - ly to know that each fast-fleeting day Is bring - ing me nearer home!  
 On - ly to know that Thy death on the cross Brings light and life to me!  
 Fill me with love and peace di- vine, And make me whol - ly Thine!

# No. 7.

# Christ, My All.

"But Christ is all and in all."—COL. 3: 11.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I would ev - er fol - low Thee, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;  
 2. In Thy word is my de - light, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;  
 3. Thou didst give Thyself for me, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;

Thou art more than life to me, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;  
 'Tis my com - fort day and night, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;  
 Help me now to live for Thee, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;

As a child I would be - lieve, And Thy gift of grace re - ceive;  
 Where Thou leadest, I will go, Tho' the way I may not know;  
 Time is fly - ing fast a - way, Soon will close life's fleet-ing day;

Let me ne'er Thy Spir - it grieve, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.  
 Thou the path of peace wilt show, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.  
 Let me la - bor while I may, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.

## No. 8.

## Never Give Up.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKHY.

1. Nev - er be sad or despond - ing If thou hast faith to be - lieve;  
 2. What if thy burdens op - press thee; Whattho' thy life may be drear;  
 3. Nev - er be sad or despond - ing, There is a mor - row for thee;

Grace for the du - ties be - fore thee Ask of thy God and re - ceive.  
 Look on the side that is bright - est, Pray and thy path will be clear.  
 Soon thou shalt dwell in its brightness There with the Lord thou shalt be.

## CHORUS.

Nev - - er give up,..... Nev - - er give up,.....  
 Nev - er give up, nev - er give up, Nev - er give up, never give up,

Nev - er give up to thy sor - rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part;

Trust..... in the Lord,..... Trust..... in the  
 Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,

# Never Give Up.—Concluded.

Lord,.....Sing when your trials are greatest, Trust in the Lord and take heart.  
trust in the Lord,

No. 9.

## Blessed Home-Land.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Glid-ing o'er life's fit - ful wa - ters, Heav - y surg - es sometimes roll;
2. Oft we catch a faint re - flec - tion Of its bright and ver - nal hills;
3. 'Tis the wea - ry pilgrim's Home - land, Where each throbbing care shall cease,

And we sigh for yon - der ha - ven, For the Home - land of the soul.  
And, tho' dis - tant, how we hail it! How each heart with rap - ture thrills!  
And our long - ings and our yearnings, Like a wave, be hush'd to peace.

### REFRAIN.

*cres.*

*dim.*

Bless - ed Home - land, ev - er fair! Sin can nev - er en - ter there;

*cres.*

*dim.*

But the soul, to life a - wak - ing, Ev - er - last - ing bloom shall wear.



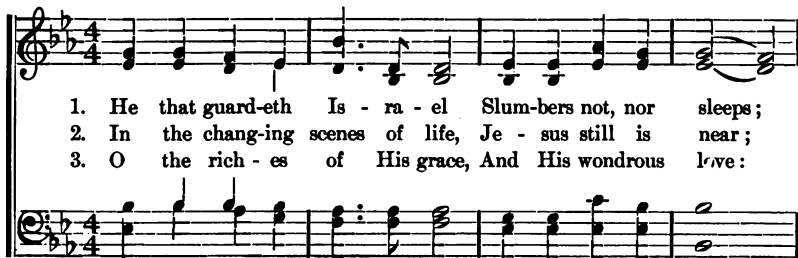
# No. 10.

# Like a Shepherd.

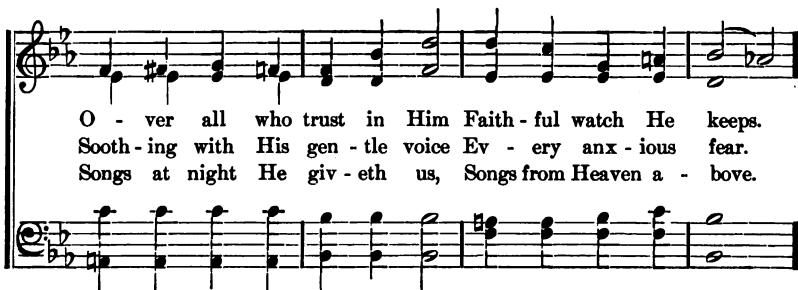
"The Lord is my shepherd."—Ps. 23 : 1.

JULIA STERLING.

H. P. DANKS.

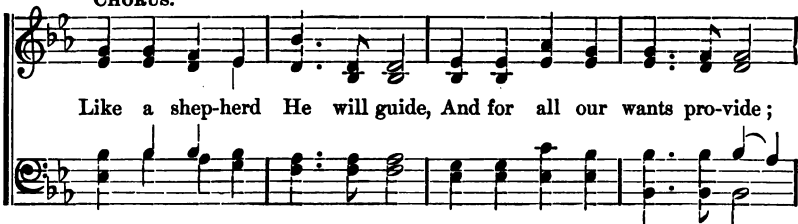


1. He that guard-eth Is - ra - el Slum-bers not, nor sleeps;  
 2. In the chang-ing scenes of life, Je - sus still is near;  
 3. O the rich - es of His grace, And His wondrous love:



O - ver all who trust in Him Faith - ful watch He keeps.  
 Sooth - ing with His gen - tle voice Ev - ery anx - ious fear.  
 Songs at night He giv - eth us, Songs from Heaven a - bove.

## CHORUS.



Like a shep-herd He will guide, And for all our wants pro-vide;



Cool and pleas-ant fount - ains..... Lead-ing us be - side.

## No. 11.

## Saved by Grace.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Someday the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;  
 2. Someday my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,  
 3. Someday, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy - tint-ed west,  
 4. Someday; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,

But, O the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!  
 But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.  
 My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.  
 That when my Saviour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS..

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the  
 .shall see to face,

sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to  
 .shall see

face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.  
 to face,

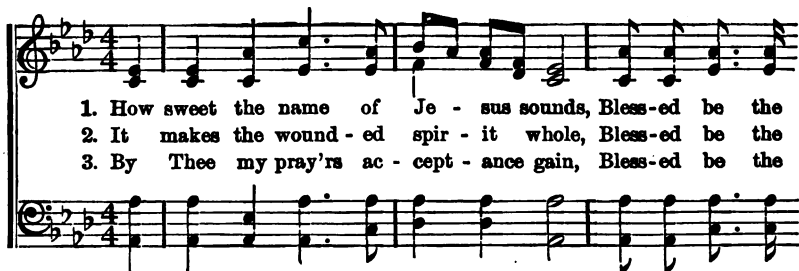
## No. 12.

**Blessed be the Name.**

"Blessed be the name of the Lord."—PSA. 113: 2.

JOHN NEWTON, *arr.*

ART. by IRA D. SANKEY.

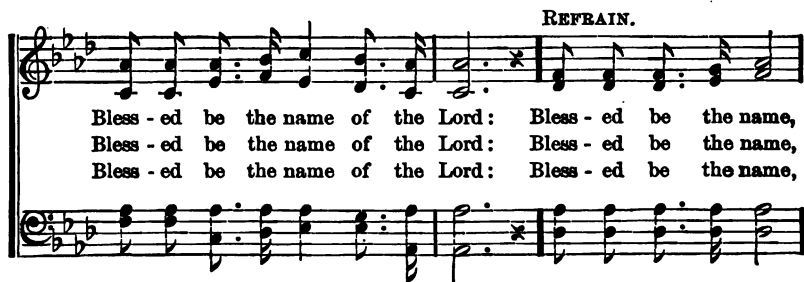


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, Bless-ed be the  
 2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, Bless-ed be the  
 3. By Thee my pray'rs ac - cept - ance gain, Bless-ed be the

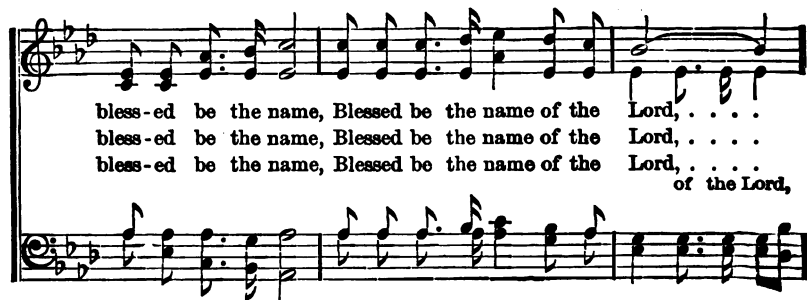


name of the Lord, (of the Lord,) It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,  
 name of the Lord, (of the Lord,) 'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul,  
 name of the Lord, (of the Lord,) And E - vil tempts my soul in vain,

REFRAIN.



Bless - ed be the name of the Lord: Bless - ed be the name,  
 Bless - ed be the name of the Lord: Bless - ed be the name,  
 Bless - ed be the name of the Lord: Bless - ed be the name,



bles - ed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord, . . .  
 bles - ed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord, . . .  
 bles - ed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord, . . .  
 of the Lord,

## Blessed be the Name.—Concluded.

It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.  
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.  
 And e - vil tempts my soul in vain, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

## No. 13. Show Me Thy Way.

ANON. Arr. F. J. C.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Show me Thy way, O Lord, And make it plain: I would o -  
 2. O Lord, I can - not see; Grant me Thy light; Dark-ness be -  
 3. I can - not see Thy face, Yet Thou art here; When will the  
 4. I will be pa - tient, Lord, And do Thy will; I will not

bey Thy word,—Speak yet a - gain. I would not take one step un -  
 wil - ders me, Cloud - ing my sight; Hold Thou my hand, and keep me  
 morn - ing chase My doubt and fear? When shall I see the place where  
 doubt Thy word, My hopes ful - fil. How can I per - ish, if in

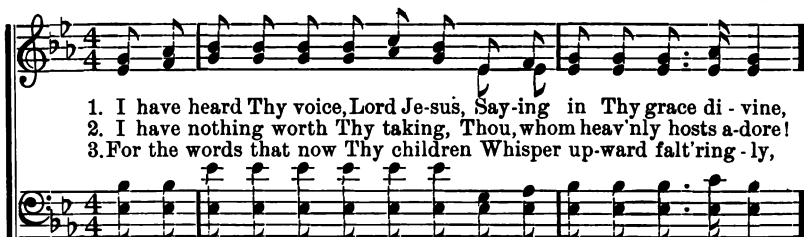
til I know Which way it is that Thou would'st have me go.  
 near Thy side: I dare not go a - lone: be Thou my guide.  
 day and night Shall come not, for Thy glo - ry is its light?  
 Thee I hide; Je - sus, my Com - fort - er, my Hope and Guide!

# No. 14.

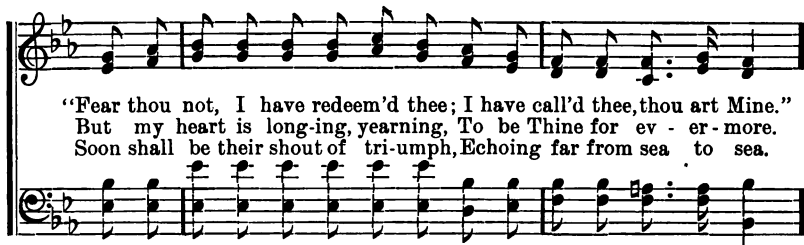
# All for Jesus.

EDITH G. CHERRY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.



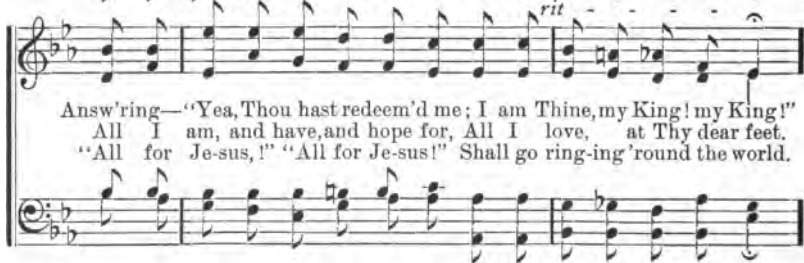
1. I have heard Thy voice, Lord Je-sus, Say-ing in Thy grace di-vine,  
2. I have nothing worth Thy taking, Thou, whom heav-nly hosts a-dore!  
3. For the words that now Thy children Whisper up-ward falt-ring-ly,



"Fear thou not, I have redeem'd thee; I have call'd thee, thou art Mine."  
But my heart is long-ing, yearning, To be Thine for ev-er-more.  
Soon shall be their shout of tri-umph, Echoing far from sea to sea.

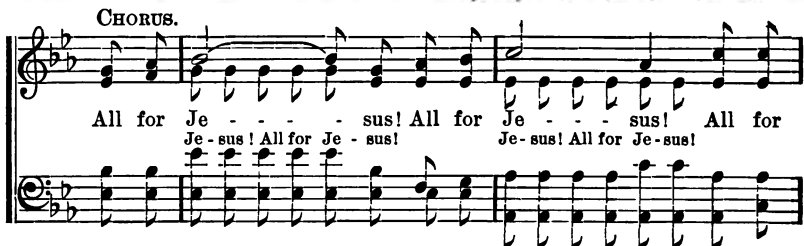


Lord, I bring Thee full al-le-giance! Lord, I yield Thee ev-'ry-thing!  
So I come to Thee, Lord Je-sus! Lay-ing, in sur-ren-der sweet  
We shall sing it at His com-ing, When His foes are prostrate hurl'd;



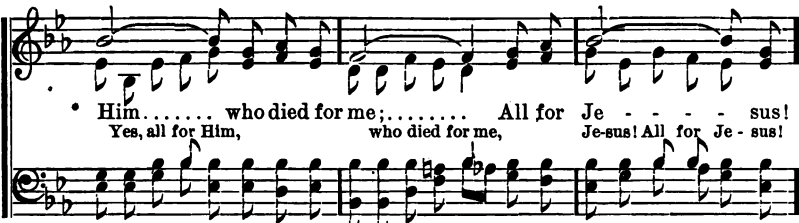
Ans-w'ring—"Yea, Thou hast redeem'd me; I am Thine, my King! my King!"  
All I am, and have, and hope for, All I love, at Thy dear feet.  
"All for Je-sus,!" "All for Je-sus!" Shall go ring-ing 'round the world.

CHORUS.

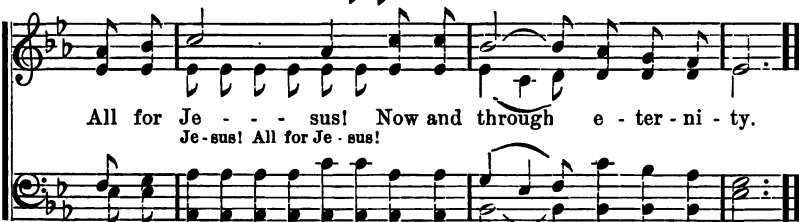


All for Je - - - sus! All for Je - - - sus! All for  
Je - sus! All for Je - sus! Je - sus! All for Je - sus!

## All for Jesus.—Concluded.



Him..... who died for me;..... All for Je - - - sus!  
 Yes, all for Him, who died for me, Je-sus! All for Je - sus!



All for Je - - - sus! Now and through e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Je-sus! All for Je - sus!

### No. 15.

## Sweet is the Work.

ISAAC WATTS.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy  
 2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor - tal  
 3. My heart shall tri - umph in the Lord, And bless His



name, give thanks and sing; To show Thy love by  
 care shall fill my breast; O, may my heart in  
 works, and bless His word: His works of grace, how



morn - ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.  
 tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp, of sol - emn sound.  
 bright they shine! How deep His coun - sels, how di - vine!

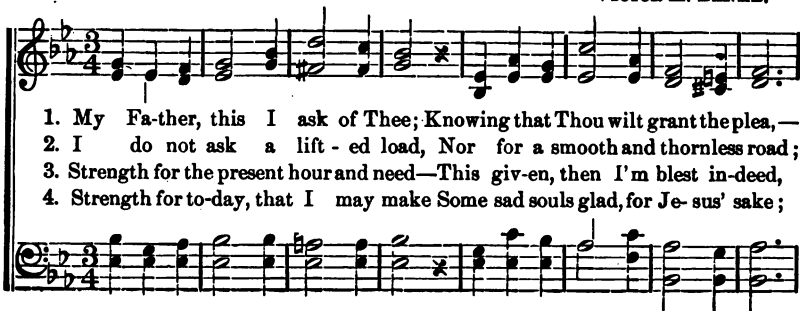
# No. 16.

# Just for To-Day.

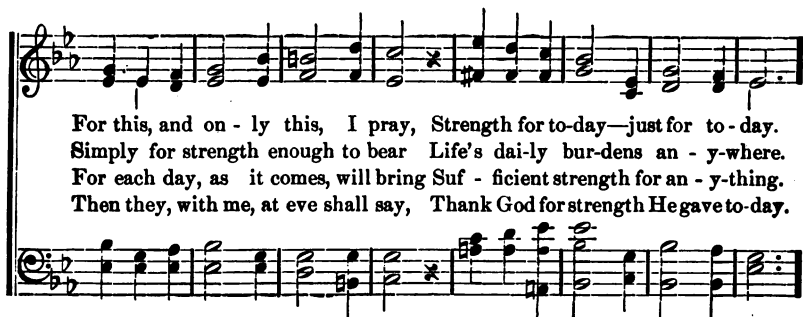
"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—DEUT. 33: 25.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

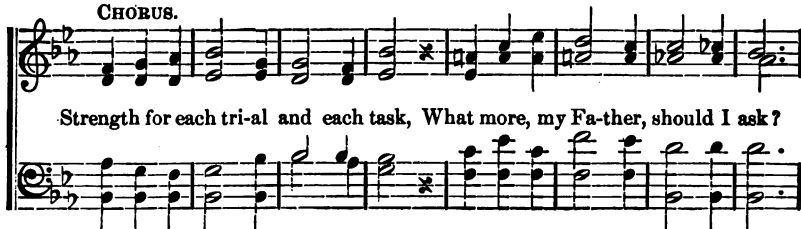


1. My Fa-ther, this I ask of Thee; Knowing that Thou wilt grant the plea,—  
 2. I do not ask a lift-ed load, Nor for a smooth and thornless road;  
 3. Strength for the present hour and need—This giv-en, then I'm blest in-deed,  
 4. Strength for to-day, that I may make Some sad souls glad, for Je-sus' sake;

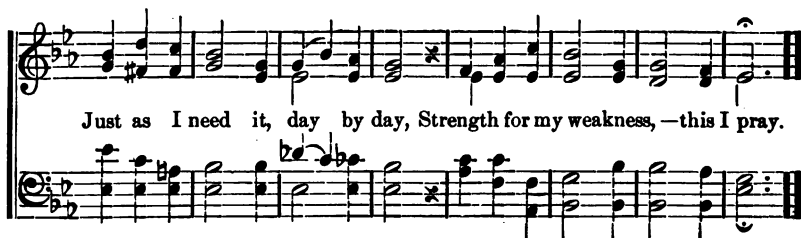


For this, and on - ly this, I pray, Strength for to-day—just for to-day.  
 Simply for strength enough to bear Life's dai-ly bur-dens an - y-where.  
 For each day, as it comes, will bring Suf - ficient strength for an - y-thing.  
 Then they, with me, at eve shall say, Thank God for strength He gave to-day.

## CHORUS.



Strength for each tri-al and each task, What more, my Fa-ther, should I ask?



Just as I need it, day by day, Strength for my weakness,—this I pray.

# No. 17.

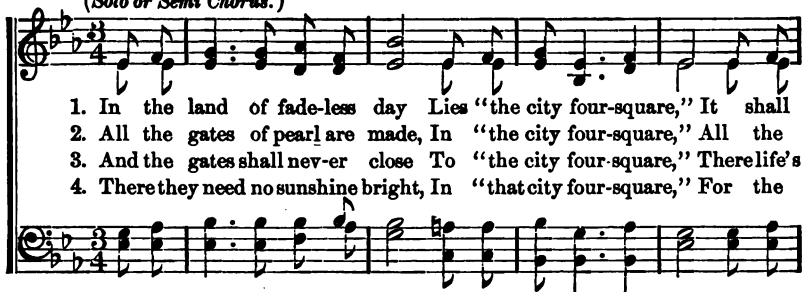
# No Night There.

"For there shall be no night there."—Rev. 21 : 25.

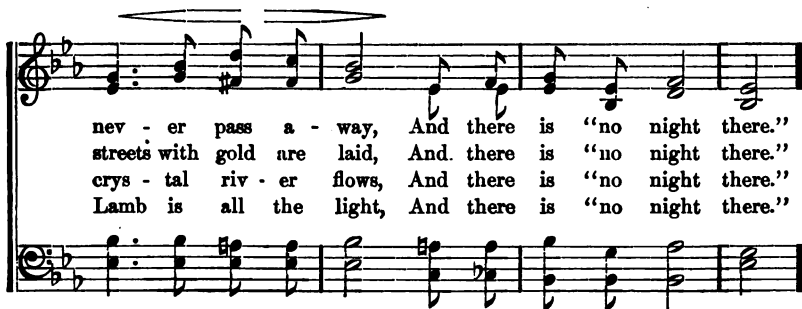
JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

H. P. DAVES.

(Solo or Semi Chorus.)

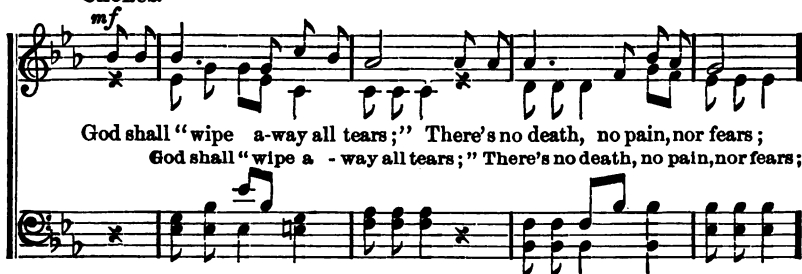


1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the city four-square," It shall  
 2. All the gates of pearl are made, In "the city four-square," All the  
 3. And the gates shall nev-er close To "the city four-square," There life's  
 4. There they need no sunshine bright, In "that city four-square," For the

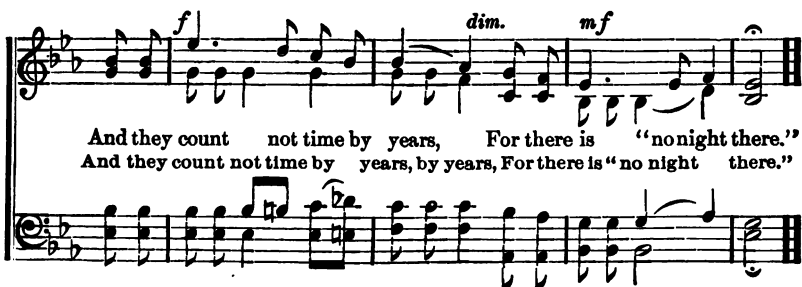


nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."  
 streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."  
 crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."  
 Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

CHORUS.



God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;  
 God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;



And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there."  
 And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night there."



## No. 18.

## The Blessed Rock.

"And that Rock was Christ."—1 Cor. 10: 4.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. 'Mid the wild and fear-ful blast, I have reached the Rock at last;  
 2. Wrecked by sin and tempest tossed, Compass, chart and an-chor lost,  
 3. Rock, that hides my trembling soul From the storms that darkly roll;  
 4. When be-yond the vale of night, I shall soar to realms of light;

Help-less, weak and sore dis-mayed, To the cross I'll cling for aid.  
 He whose power a-lone can save, Lulls the wind and stills the wave.  
 While be-neath, the sur-ges dash, Thunders roar, and lightnings flash.  
 When mine eyes be-hold the King, Heart and soul and tongue shall sing.

CHORUS.

"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me; Let me hide..... myself in Thee,  
 "Rock of A-ges, Let me hide

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee."  
 Rock of A-ges,

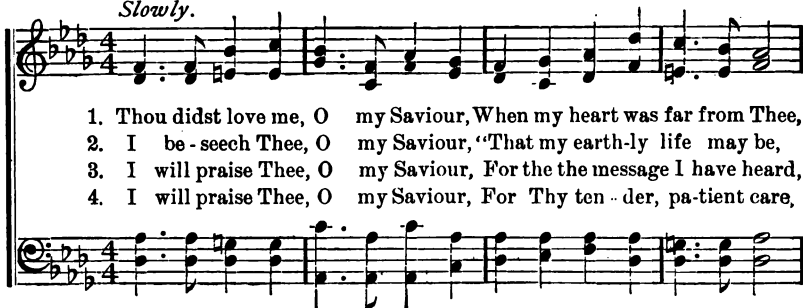
# No. 19.

# I Will Praise Thee.

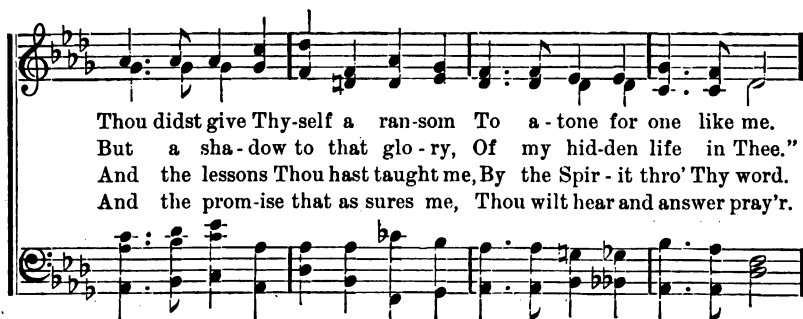
FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

*Slowly.*

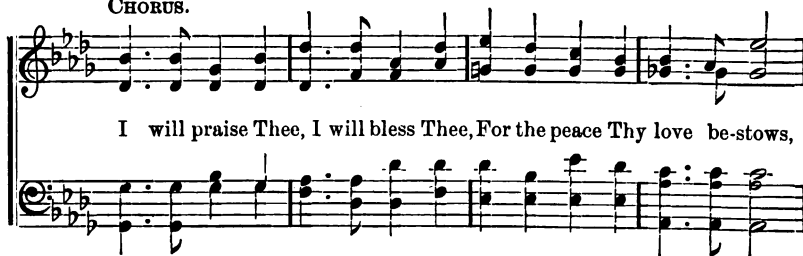


1. Thou didst love me, O my Saviour, When my heart was far from Thee,  
 2. I be-seech Thee, O my Saviour, "That my earth-ly life may be,  
 3. I will praise Thee, O my Saviour, For the the message I have heard,  
 4. I will praise Thee, O my Saviour, For Thy ten-der, pa-tient care,

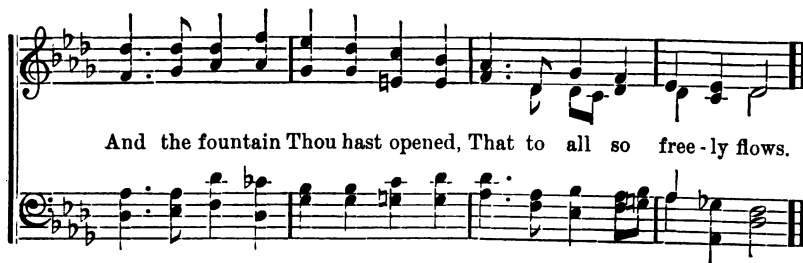


Thou didst give Thy-self a ran-som To a-tone for one like me.  
 But a sha-dow to that glo-ry, Of my hid-den life in Thee."  
 And the lessons Thou hast taught me, By the Spir-it thro' Thy word.  
 And the prom-ise that as sures me, Thou wilt hear and answer pray'r.

## CHORUS.



I will praise Thee, I will bless Thee, For the peace Thy love be-stows,




And the fountain Thou hast opened, That to all so free-ly flows.

# No. 20.      The Story Must be Told.



"It is the power of God unto salvation."—Rom. 1: 16.

FANNY J. CROSBY.



IRA D. SANKEY.



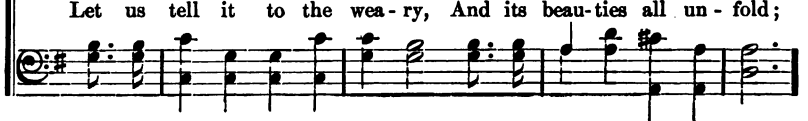

1. O the pre-cious gos-pel sto-ry, How it tells of love to all,  
 2. O the bless-ed gos-pel sto-ry, Of His meek and low-ly birth,—  
 3. O the wondrous gos-pel sto-ry; There is life in ev-'ry word;


How the Sav-iour in com-pas-sion, Died to save us from the fall;  
 And the wel-come of the an-gels When they sang good-will to earth;—  
 There is hope and con-so-la-tion, Where the message sweet is heard;

How He came to seek the lost ones, And to bring them to His fold;—  
 Of the cross, on which He suffered,—As by proph-ets seen of old,—  
 Let us tell it to the wea-ry, And its beau-ties all un-fold;

Let us hast-en to pro-claim it, For the sto-ry *must* be told.  
 Of His death and res-ur-rec-tion, Let the sto-ry *now* be told.  
 'Tis the on-ly guide to heav-en, And the sto-ry *must* be told.

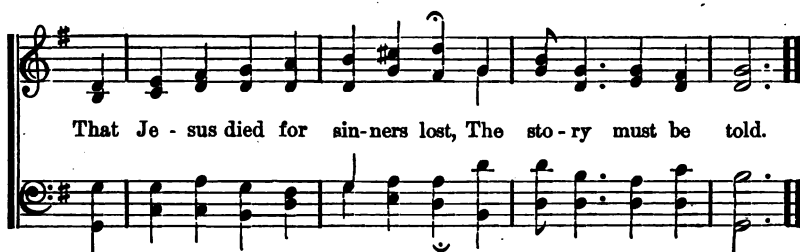


## The Story Must be Told.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



The sto-ry must be told, The sto-ry must be told,  
be told,



That Je - sus died for ain-ners lost, The sto-ry must be told.

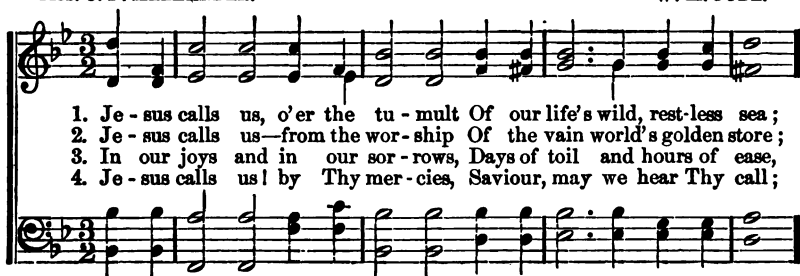
No. 21.

## Jesus Calls Us.

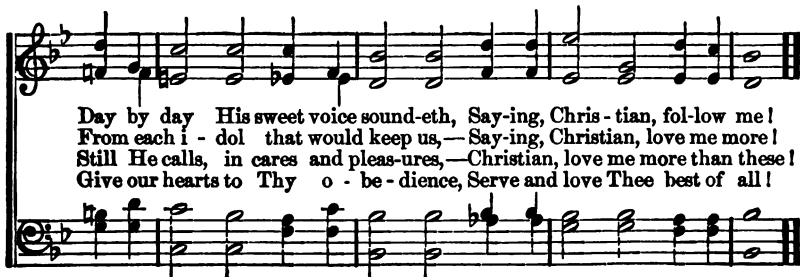
(Galilee. 8s. 7s.)

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

W. H. JUDE.



1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
2. Je - sus calls us—from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden store;
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us! by Thy mer-cies, Saviour, may we hear Thy call;



Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, Chris - tian, fol-low me!  
From each i - dol that would keep us,—Say-ing, Christian, love me more!  
Still He calls, in cares and pleas-ures,—Christian, love me more than these!  
Give our hearts to Thy o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all!

## No. 22.

## Sunshine on the Hill.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—Sol. Song 2: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There are shadows in the val - ley, Where our tir - ed feet must go;  
 2. There are shadows in the val - ley, But we breathe the sweet perfume  
 3. O, the shadows in the val - ley, Like a dream will pass a - way;

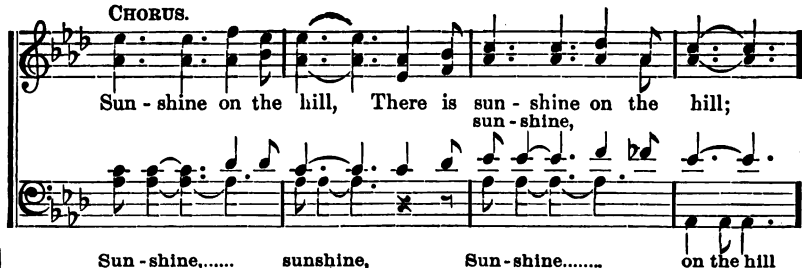
But we hear the peaceful wa - ters, As they mur - mur soft and low;—  
 Of the ro - ses on the mountain, In their love - ly, ver - nal bloom;  
 They will van - ish at the dawn - ing, Of the bright and glorious day;

And our Shepherd whispers gen - tly, As He leads us on - ward still:  
 And a - gain our Shepherd whispers, As He leads us on - ward still:  
 E - ven now there comes an ech - o, And we feel its mag - ic thrill:

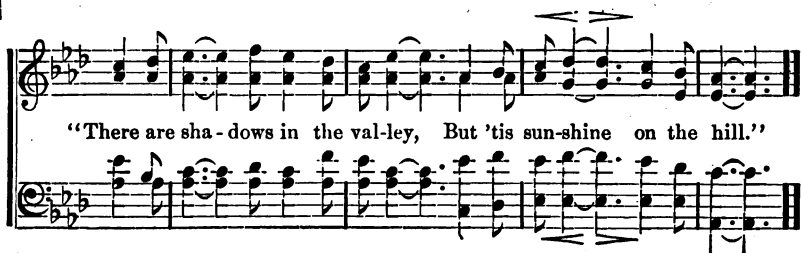
"There are sha - dows in the val - ley, But 'tis sun - shine on the hill."

## Sunshine on the Hill.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Sun - shine on the hill, There is sun - shine on the hill;  
sun-shine,  
Sun-shine,..... sunshine, Sun-shine..... on the hill



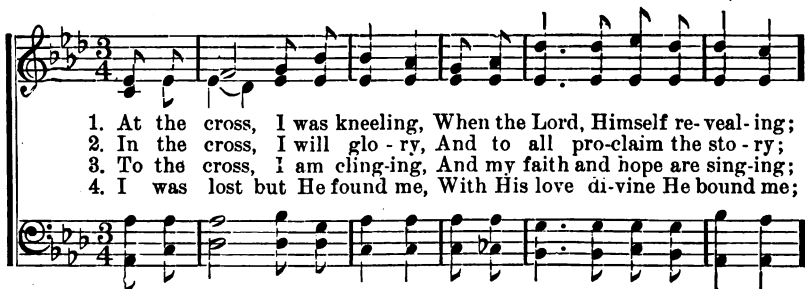
"There are sha - dows in the val-ley, But 'tis sun-shine on the hill."

No. 23.

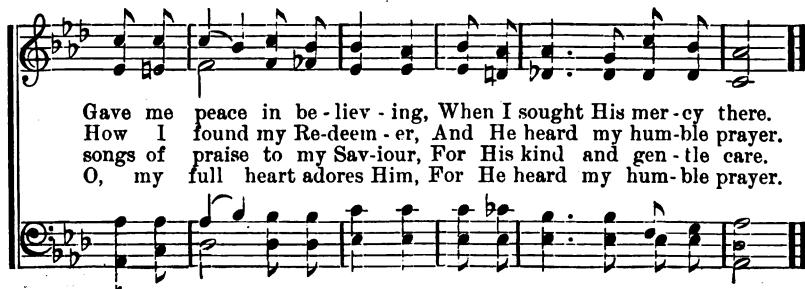
## At the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.



1. At the cross, I was kneeling, When the Lord, Himself re-veal-ing;
2. In the cross, I will glo-ry, And to all pro-claim the sto-ry;
3. To the cross, I am cling-ing, And my faith and hope are sing-ing;
4. I was lost but He found me, With His love di-vine He bound me;

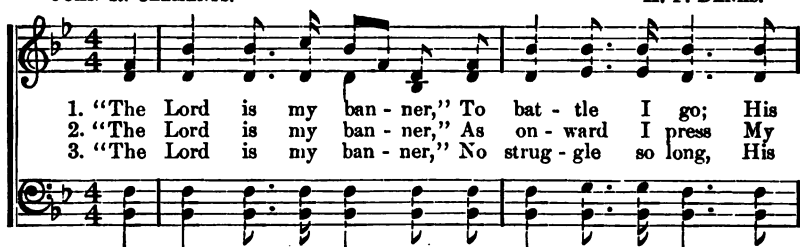


Gave me peace in be-liev-ing, When I sought His mer-cy there.  
How I found my Re-deem-er, And He heard my hum-ble prayer.  
songs of praise to my Sav-iour, For His kind and gen-tle care.  
O, my full heart adores Him, For He heard my hum-ble prayer.

# No. 24. The Lord is My Banner.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

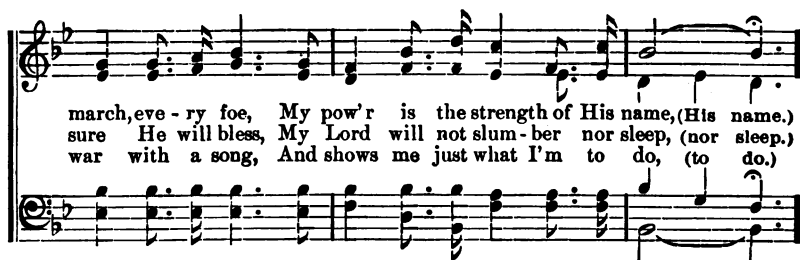
H. P. DANKS.



1. "The Lord is my ban-ner," To bat-tle I go; His  
 2. "The Lord is my ban-ner," As on-ward I press My  
 3. "The Lord is my ban-ner," No strug-gle so long, His



might in each con-flict I claim;... He put-teth to flight, as I  
 eyes on the col-ors I'll keep;... Though bat-tles be fierce, I am  
 arm can-not car-ry me through; He lead-eth me out to the



march, eve-ry foe, My pow'r is the strength of His name, (His name.)  
 sure He will bless, My Lord will not slum-ber nor sleep, (nor sleep.)  
 war with a song, And shows me just what I'm to do, (to do.)

CHORUS.



"The Lord is my Ban-ner; my Sun and my Shield," My "Rock," and my



"Fort-ress" is He, (is He,) No foe how-ev-er strong, but to

## The Lord is My Banner.—Concluded.

Him must quickly yield, My Sav-iour doth bat-tle for me, (for me.)

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The bottom staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence.

No. 25.

## Holy Spirit.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, while we gath-er At this con-se-crat-ed hour,  
2. Bless-ed Spir-it, thro' Thy teaching. While we read our Saviour's word,  
3. O 'tis prayer that brings the blessing When all oth-er joys have flown,

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The bottom staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence.

We would ask Thy pres-ence with us, We would feel Thy quick'ning pow'r.  
And with Him we hold com-mun-ion, May His lov-ing voice be heard.  
Prayer that makes our burden lighter, Draws us near our Fa-ther's throne.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The bottom staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence.

CHORUS.

Ho-ly Spir-it, while we gath-er, From our toil and la-bor free,

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The bottom staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence.

Rest up-on us, dwell with-in us, Close our hearts to all but Thee.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The bottom staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence.




No. 26.

# My Lord and I.


(I HAVE A FRIEND SO PRECIOUS.)

Mrs. L. SHOREY

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver - y dear to me,  
 2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,  
 3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,  
 4. He knows that I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,




He loves me with such ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly;  
 And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek;  
 I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;  
 And so He bids me go and speak The lov - ing word for Him;




I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,  
 He leads me in the paths of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky,  
 He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me how to try,  
 He bids me tell His won - drous love, And why He came to die,




And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
 And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

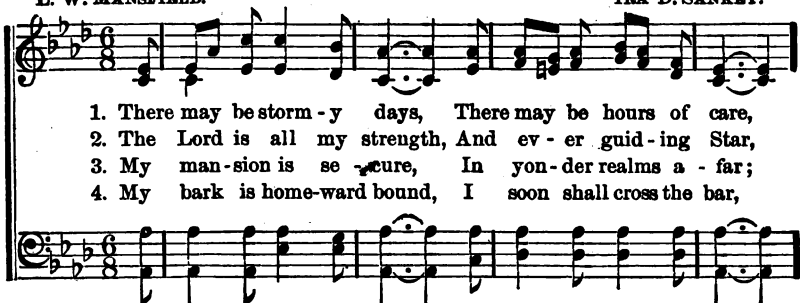


## No. 27. Where God and the Angels Are.

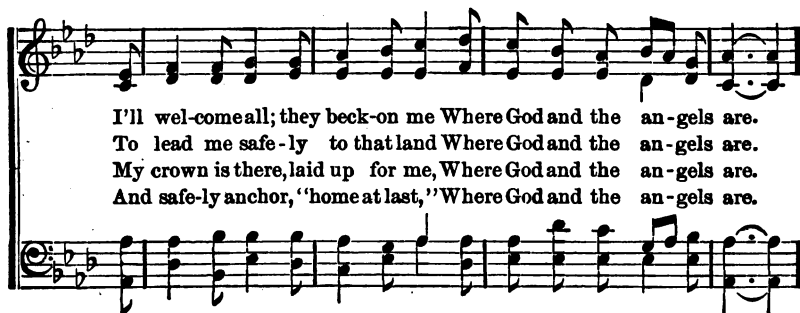
"The angels which stood before God."—REV. 8: 2.

L. W. MANSFIELD.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. There may be storm - y days, There may be hours of care,  
 2. The Lord is all my strength, And ev - er guid - ing Star,  
 3. My man - sion is se - cure, In yon - der realms a - far;  
 4. My bark is home - ward bound, I soon shall cross the bar,

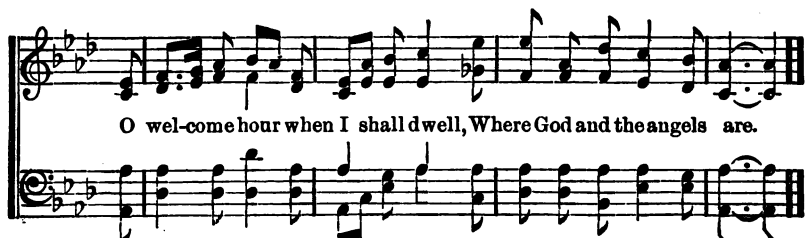


I'll wel - come all; they beck - on me Where God and the an - gels are.  
 To lead me safe - ly to that land Where God and the an - gels are.  
 My crown is there, laid up for me, Where God and the an - gels are.  
 And safe - ly anchor, "home at last," Where God and the an - gels are.

### REFRAIN.



Where God and the an - gels are, Where God and the an - gels are;  
 ho - ly an - gels are, ho - ly an - gels are;



O wel - come hour when I shall dwell, Where God and the an - gels are.

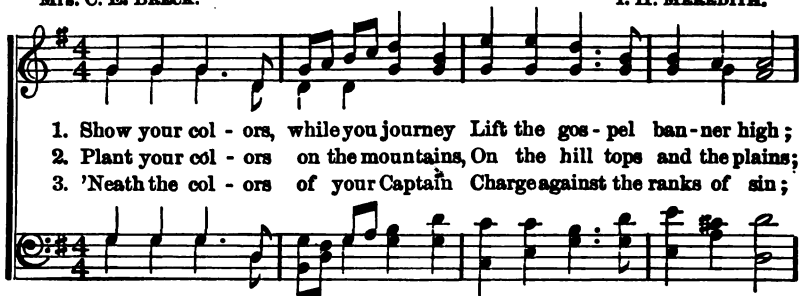
# No. 28.

# Show Your Colors.

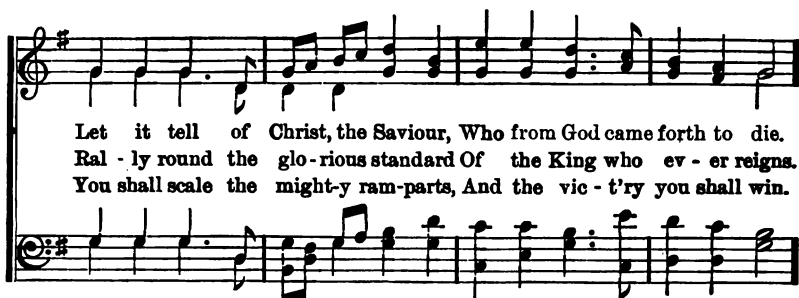
"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."—Rom. 1: 16.

Mrs. C. E. BRECK.

I. H. MEREDITH.

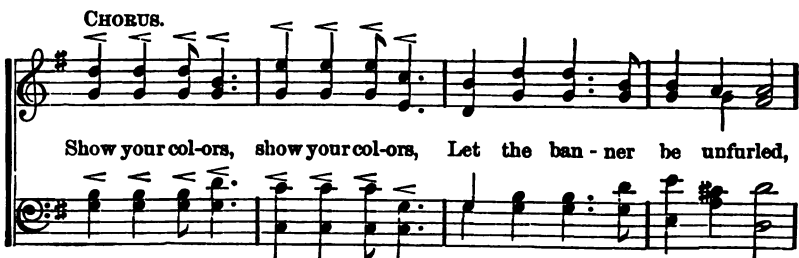


1. Show your col - ors, while you journey Lift the gos - pel ban - ner high ;  
 2. Plant your col - ors on the mountains, On the hill tops and the plains ;  
 3. 'Neath the col - ors of your Captain Charge against the ranks of sin ;

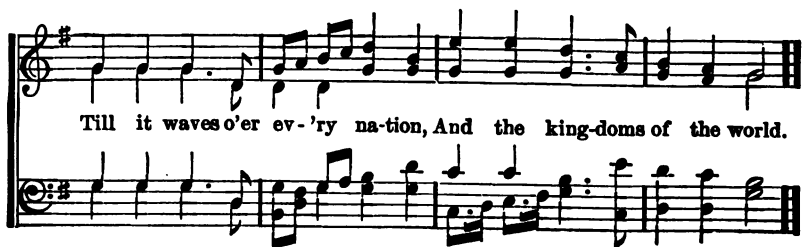


Let it tell of Christ, the Saviour, Who from God came forth to die.  
 Ral - ly round the glo - rious standard Of the King who ev - er reigns.  
 You shall scale the might - y ram - parts, And the vic - t'ry you shall win.

CHORUS.



Show your col - ors, show your col - ors, Let the ban - ner be unfurled,



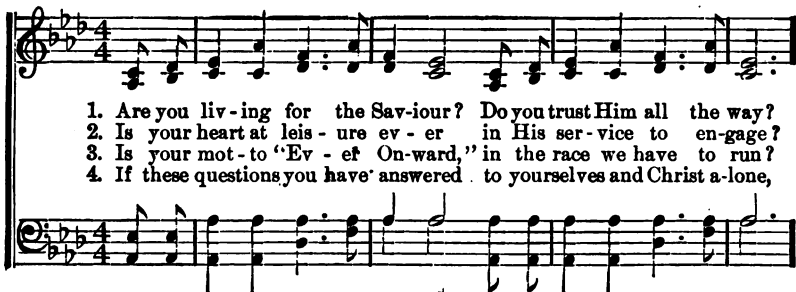
Till it waves o'er ev - 'ry na - tion, And the king - doms of the world.

# No. 29.

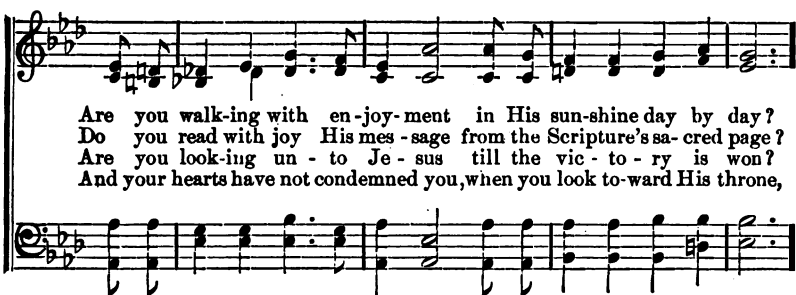
# Heart Queries.

W. KITCHING, arr.

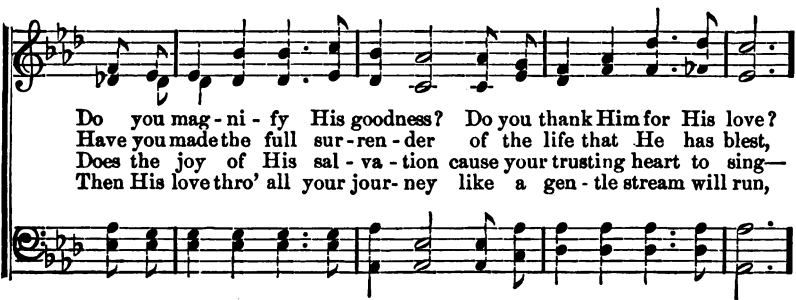
I. ALLAN SANKKY.



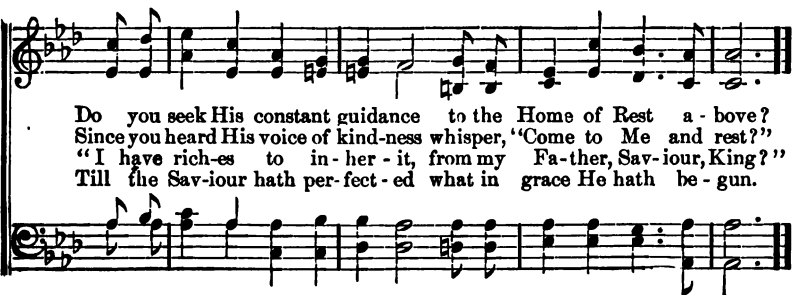
1. Are you liv-ing for the Sav-iour? Do you trust Him all the way?  
 2. Is your heart at leis-ure ev-er in His ser-vice to en-gage?  
 3. Is your mot-to "Ev-el On-ward," in the race we have to run?  
 4. If these questions you have answered to yourselves and Christ a-lone,



Are you walk-ing with en-joy-ment in His sun-shine day by day?  
 Do you read with joy His mes-sage from the Scrip-ture's sa-cred page?  
 Are you look-ing un-to Je-sus till the vic-to-ry is won?  
 And your hearts have not condemned you, when you look to-ward His throne,



Do you mag-ni-fy His goodness? Do you thank Him for His love?  
 Have you made the full sur-ren-der of the life that He has blest,  
 Does the joy of His sal-va-tion cause your trusting heart to sing—  
 Then His love thro' all your jour-ney like a gen-tle stream will run,

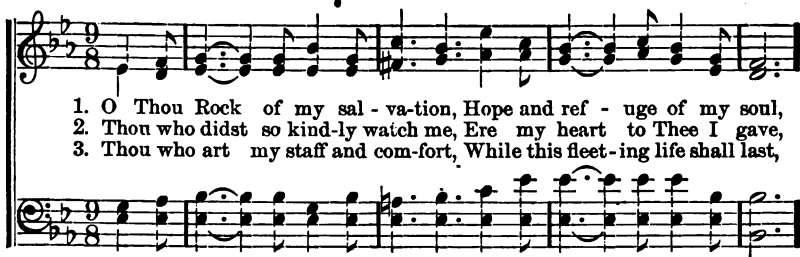


Do you seek His constant guidance to the Home of Rest a-bove?  
 Since you heard His voice of kind-ness whisper, "Come to Me and rest?"  
 "I have rich-es to in-her-it, from my Fa-ther, Sav-iour, King?"  
 Till the Sav-iour hath per-fect-ed what in grace He hath be-gun.

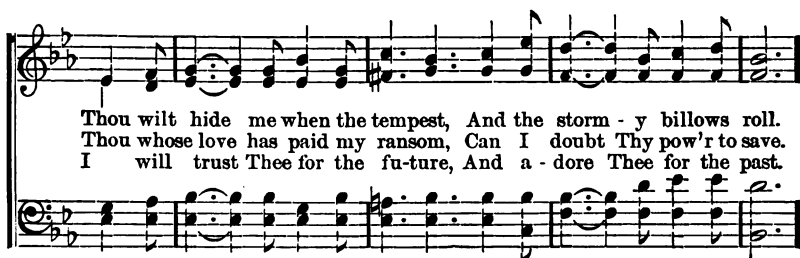
# No. 30. I Will Sing of Thy Redemption.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

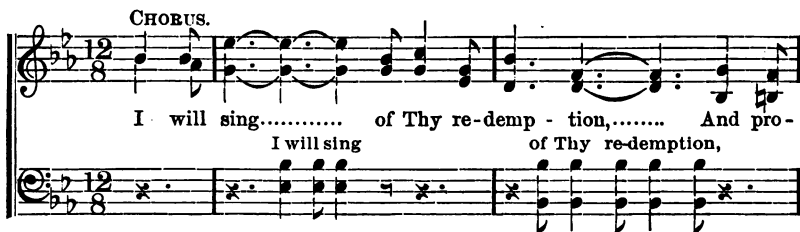


1. O Thou Rock of my sal - va - tion, Hope and ref - uge of my soul,  
 2. Thou who didst so kind - ly watch me, Ere my heart to Thee I gave,  
 3. Thou who art my staff and com - fort, While this fleet - ing life shall last,

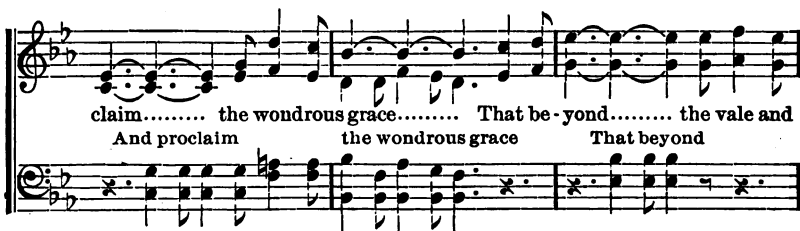


Thou wilt hide me when the tempest, And the storm - y billows roll.  
 Thou whose love has paid my ransom, Can I doubt Thy pow'r to save.  
 I will trust Thee for the fu - ture, And a - dore Thee for the past.

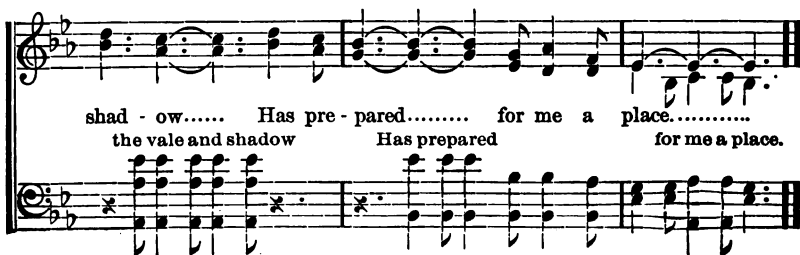
CHORUS.



I will sing..... of Thy re - demp - tion,..... And pro -  
 I will sing of Thy re - demption,



claim..... the wondrous grace..... That be - yond..... the vale and  
 And proclaim the wondrous grace That beyond



shad - ow..... Has pre - pared..... for me a place.....  
 the vale and shadow Has prepared for me a place.

## No. 31.

**My Saviour, I Need Thee.**

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I need Thee, O my Sav - iour, When doubts and fears a - rise,  
 2. I need Thee, O my Sav - iour, With each re - volv - ing hour;  
 3. I need Thee, O my Sav - iour, At morn, at noon, at night;

When all is dark be - fore me, And earth - ly com - fort dies;  
 I need the con - stant wit - ness, Of Thy pro - tect - ing power;  
 I need Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, To guide my steps a - right;

I need Thy arm to hold me, A - bove the storm - y wave;  
 I need Thee ev - ery mo - ment To cleanse this heart of mine,—  
 O pre - cious, lov - ing Sav - iour, I need, with - in my soul,

I need Thy grace to help me, The tempt - er's pow'r to brave.  
 From e - vil to de - liv - er, And make it more like Thine.  
 A per - fect con - se - cra - tion To Thy di - vine con - trol.

## No. 32.

## Girded for Battle.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. Gird-ed for bat-tle our forc-es we bring, Fear-less and faithful to  
 2. Gird-ed for bat-tle our path-way is clear, Since He is for us no  
 3. Gird-ed for bat-tle, now on, to the field, Truth is our watchword and

fol-low our King; Read-y the le-gions of e-vil to brave,  
 dan-ger we fear, Le-gions can nev-er His sol-diers en-slave,  
 faith is our shield, Fierce tho' the con-flict its per-ils we'll brave,

*ff* CHORUS.

Trust-ing our Leader, the Might-y to Save. } Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!  
 He, our Commander, is might-y to save. }  
 He, our De-liv-rer, is might-y to save. }

this our acclaim, Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! praise to His name; Sing till the

*rit.*.....

ransomed that watch from the sky, Send back the answer, your triumph is nigh.

# No. 33.

# Victory is Won.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O, ye redeem'd of the Lord, rejoice, Vic-to-ry is won, vic-to-ry is won.  
 2. O-ver the foes that in chains He bound, Vic-to-ry is won, vic-to-ry is won.  
 3. Fear not the world, nor the tem-ple's pow'r, Vic-to-ry is won, vic-to-ry is won.  
 4. Lift up your eyes to the gates of gold, Vic-to-ry is won, vic-to-ry is won.

Wake, wake the song with a tuneful voice, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.  
 Hark, how the anthems of joy re-sound, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.  
 Sing and proclaim in the dark-est hour Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.  
 Praise ye the Lord for His love un-told, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.

Wash'd in the blood that makes us free Heirs of His grace thro' faith are we;  
 O-ver the tomb where Je-sus lay Shin-eth the light of end-less day.  
 Glo-ry to Him who died for men, Glo-ry to Him who lives a-gain,  
 Sing till the wea-ry night is o'er, Sing when we reach the heav'nly shore,

Ev-er in this our boast shall be Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.  
 O, ye redeem'd, be glad and say Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.  
 Her-ald a far the sweet re-frain Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.  
 Sing with the mill-ions gone be-fore, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.

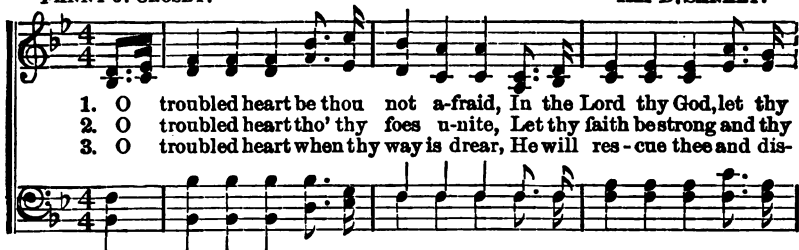


## Able to Deliver.

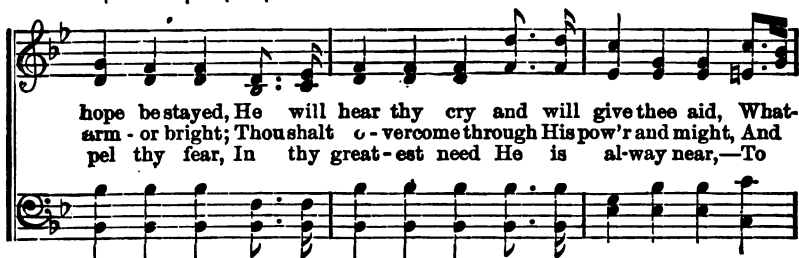
"He is able to save them to the uttermost."—HEB. 7: 25.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

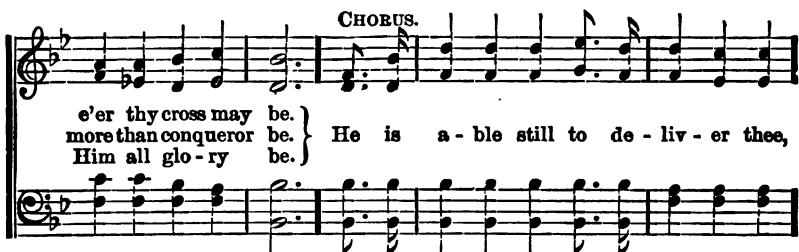


1. O troubled heart be thou not a-fraid, In the Lord thy God, let thy  
 2. O troubled heart tho' thy foes u-nite, Let thy faith be strong and thy  
 3. O troubled heart when thy way is drear, He will res-cue thee and dis-



hope bestayed, He will hear thy cry and will give thee aid, What-  
 arm - or bright; Thou shalt o-vercome through His pow'r and might, And  
 pel thy fear, In thy great-est need He is al-way near,—To

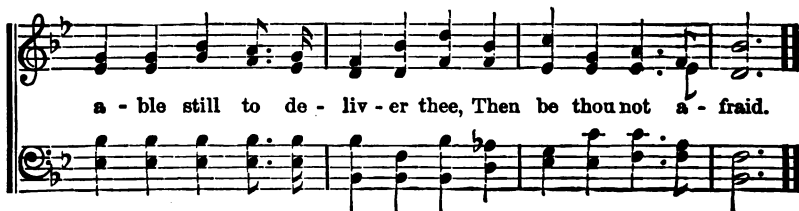
CHORUS.



e'er thy cross may be.  
 more than conqueror be. } He is a-ble still to de-liv-er thee,  
 Him all glo-ry be. }



And His own right-hand thy de-fence shall be: He is



a-ble still to de-liv-er thee, Then be thou not a-fraid.

## No. 35.

## Redeeming Grace.

"By grace ye are saved,"—Eph. 2: 5.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. Wake thou, my harp, O Mighty Love, That fills the bound- less realm a-bove ;  
 2. Thou great First Cause of mortal good, Whose throne thro' endless years has stood,  
 3. The spark has kin - dled to a flame: My soul re-joic - ing in Thy name,  
 4. And when my spir - it flees a - way From all that cheers life's fleeting day,—

Sweep thou my strings, for I would sing, Redeeming grace thro' Christ my King.  
 In - struct my fee - ble voice to sing, Redeeming grace thro' Christ my King.  
 Bids all with - in me join and sing, Redeeming grace thro' Christ my King.  
 With saints around Thy throne I'll sing, Redeeming grace thro' Christ my King.

CHORUS.

Re-deem-ing grace, re-deeming grace, That gives my soul a rest-ing place;

*rit.* . . . .

I'll sing, while time rolls on a - pace, Re-deem-ing grace, re-deeming grace.

## No. 36.

## Bring Them In.

"That my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

FRANCES HOPE.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Christians, wake, no lon - ger sleep: Shall we rest while oth - ers weep?  
 2. Do we love the Sav - iour's name? Can our faith His prom - ise claim?  
 3. Do we trust Him as we ought? Do we live as He has taught?  
 4. There's a cross that we must bear If the crown we hope to wear:

Shall we sit with fold - ed hands, When the Lord Him - self com - mands?  
 Have we pledged to Him our all? Shall we not o - bey His call?  
 Are we His, and His a - lone? Let our faith by works be shown  
 On - ward then, with vig - or new; Time is short, the days are few?

## CHORUS.

Go and work!..... this hour be - gin;..... this hour be - gin;  
 Go and work!

Go and seek..... the lost to win;..... the lost to win;  
 Go and seek

From the dark..... a - bodes of sin,..... a - bodes of sin,  
 From the dark

## Bring Them In.—Concluded.

To the feast, O bring them in!..... O bring them in!

## No. 37. I Need Thee Every Hour.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—JOHN 15: 5.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWES.

ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. I need Thee every hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee every hour; Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need Thee every hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a -
4. I need Thee every hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis -
5. I need Thee every hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in -

### REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af - ford.  
 pow'r When Thou art nigh.  
 bide, Or life is vain. } I need Thee, oh! I need Thee;  
 es In me ful - fill.  
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

Every hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.

No. 38.

## Lend a Helping Hand.

"They helped every one his neighbor."—ISA. 41 : 6.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Lend a help-ing hand, my brother, To the wea-ry by the way,  
2. Lend a help-ing hand, my brother, Some one needs your help each day,  
3. In the march of life, my brother, Ma-n-y fal-ter by the way,

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Bow'd beneath life's heav-y burdens 'Mid the toil and heat of day;  
Al-ways some one needing com-fort You will find a-long the way.  
Oft-en heart and courage fails them In the mo-ment of the fray.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Pass no com-rade by in si-lence, Cheerful words and smiles bestow,  
Al-ways hearts that hunger aft-er Words of love, and hope, and cheer—  
Speak the word of cheer that's needed, Bid them ask God's help, and then,

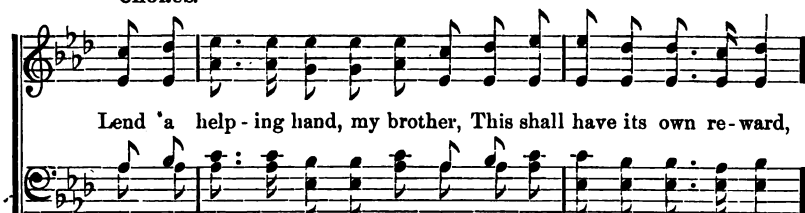
The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Let them be as sunshine scattered All a-long their path be-low.  
Al-ways fa-ces we may brighten With the smile that dries the tear.  
With a hand that's strong but gentle, Lift them to their feet a-gain.

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

## Lend a Helping Hand.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Lend 'a help - ing hand, my brother, This shall have its own re - ward,



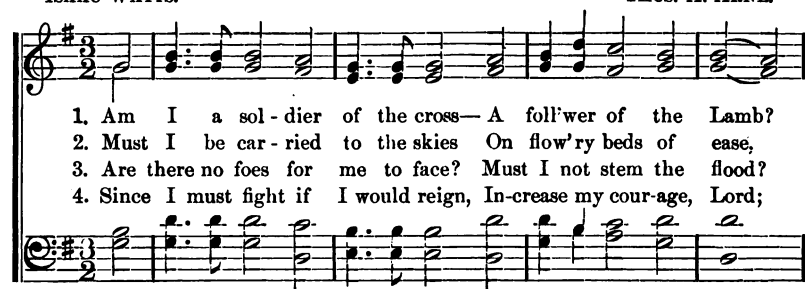
And the good you do an - oth - er Is re - membered by the Lord.

## No. 39. Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

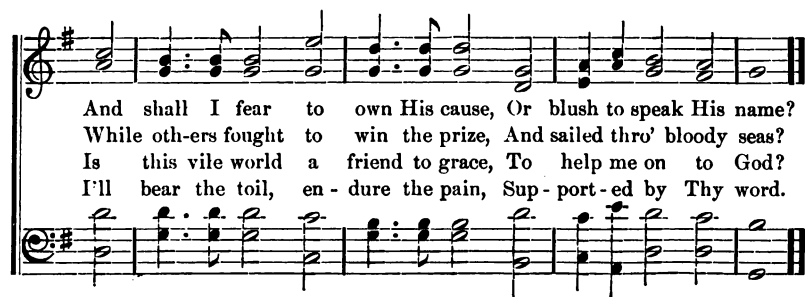
ISAAC WATTS.

(Arlington. C. M.)

THOS. A. ARNE.



1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A fol - low - er of the Lamb?  
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,  
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord;



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

# No. 40.

# Press On, Press On!

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Press on, press on, with ea - ger joy, The Chris - tian race to run;  
 2. Let ev - 'ry weight be cast a - side, And each be - set - ting sin,  
 3. Press on, like those who, safe - ly now, A - mong the host a - bove:  
 4. Press on, press on, O glorious hope, The time will not be long,

Be strong in Him whose name you bear, The Lord's a - noint - ed Son.  
 With stead - fast faith and firm re - solve, Press on the prize to win.  
 Have reached the goal for which they sought, And won their crowns of love.  
 When you shall join the ransomed host, And sing their vic - tor song.

## CHORUS.

Press bold - ly on at His command, Whose word can nev - er fail;

Since He, the world has o - ver - come, Thro' Him you shall pre - vail.

No. 41.

## Send the Gospel Light.

"O send out thy light and thy truth."—Psa. 43: 3.

F. J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Send the Light, O send it quick-ly, Far a - cross the heav-ing main;  
2. Send the Light, where souls are dy-ing In their darkness, gloom and night;  
3. Send the Light; the Lord commands it; To His Ho - ly Word at - tend;

Speed the news of full Sal - va - tion Through a dear Redeemer's name.  
Haste, O haste! the days are fleet-ing, And the hours—how swift their flight!  
'Go ye forth and preach my gos - pel; Lo, I'm with you to the end.'

CHORUS.

Send the light, O send it quick - ly, To the isles beyond the sea;

Let them hear the wondrous sto - ry—Love is boundless, grace is free.



# No. 42. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

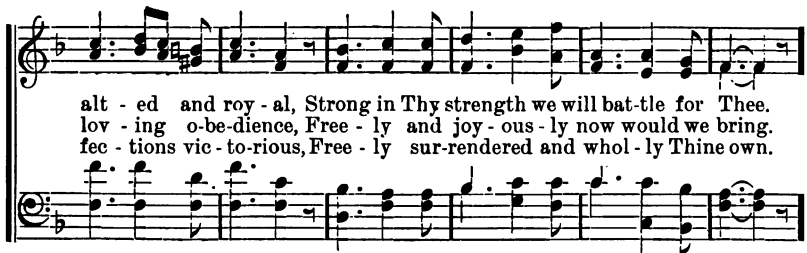
GEORGE C. STEBBINS.



1. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, faith-ful and loy-al, King of our  
 2. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, full-est al-le-giance Yield-ing hence-  
 3. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, Sav-iour all glo-rious! Take Thy great

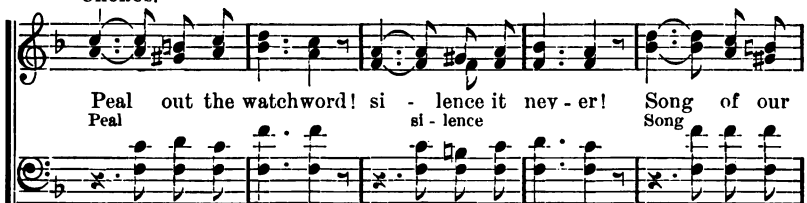


lives, by Thy grace we will be; Un-der the standard ex-  
 forth to our glo-ri-ous King; Val-iant en-deav-or and  
 pow-er and reign there a-lone, O-ver our wills and af-

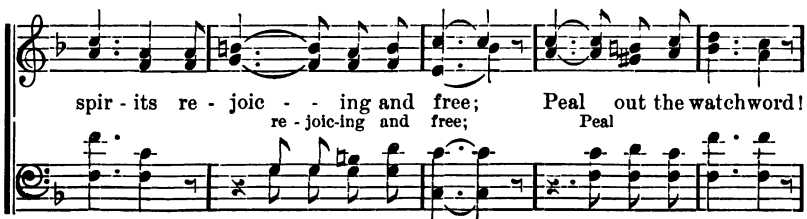


alt-ed and roy-al, Strong in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee.  
 lov-ing o-be-dience, Free-ly and joy-ous-ly now would we bring.  
 fee-tions vic-to-ri-ous, Free-ly sur-rendered and whol-ly Thine own.

## CHORUS.



Peal out the watchword! si-lence it nev-er! Song of our  
 Peal si-lence Song



spir-its re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watchword!  
 re-joic-ing and free; Peal

## True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.—Concluded.

loy - al for-ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.  
loy - al King

## No. 43. God of Eternity.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKER.

1. God of e - ter - ni - ty, Sav - iour and King, Help us to  
2. God of e - ter - ni - ty, An - cient of Days, Glo - rious in  
3. God of e - ter - ni - ty, Ru - ler di - vine, Strength of the  
4. God of e - ter - ni - ty, Love is Thy name, God of the

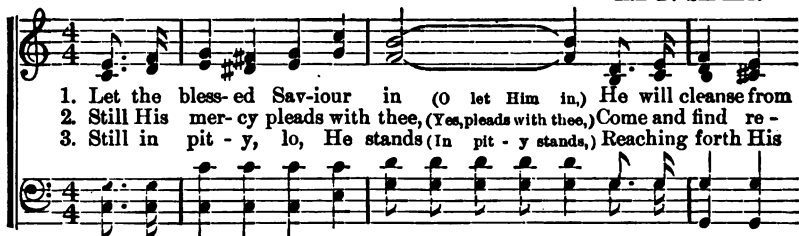
hon - or Thee, Help while we sing; Now may the clouds of night  
maj - es - ty, Au - thor of Praise; Hear Thou our ear - nest call,  
might-y hills, All power is Thine; Boundless Thy reign shall be,  
earth and sea, Thee we pro-claim; Love, thro' Thine on - ly Son,

Break in - to splendor bright, Je - sus, our life and light, Our Lord and King!  
While at Thy feet we fall, Je - sus, our all in all, Our Lord and King!  
Wondrous Thy victory, Earth shall be filled with Thee, Our Lord and King!  
Thy work of grace hath done; O blessed Three in One, Our Lord and King!

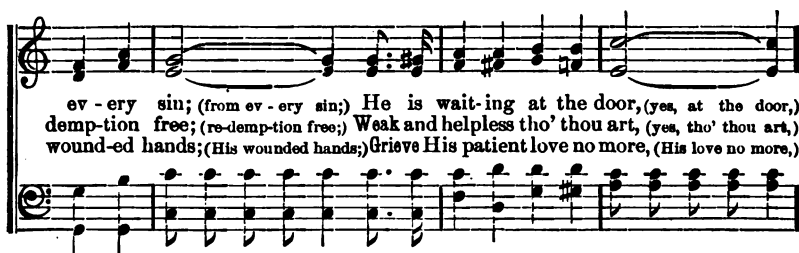
# No. 44. Let the Blessed Saviour In.

FANNY J. CROSBY

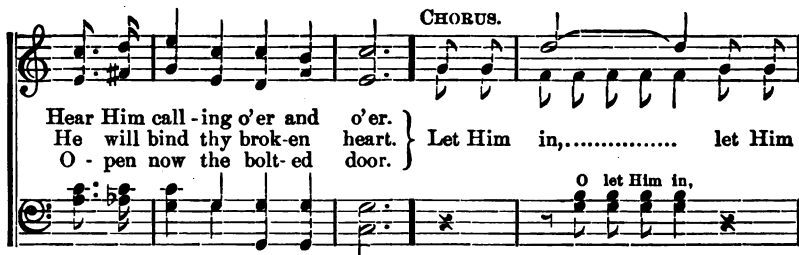
IRA D. SANKEY.



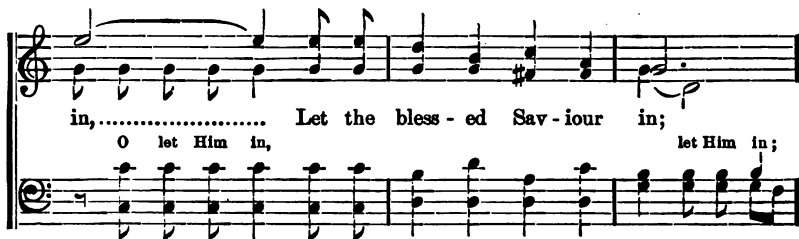
1. Let the bless-ed Sav-iour in (O let Him in,) He will cleanse from  
 2. Still His mer-cy pleads with thee, (Yes, pleads with thee,) Come and find re-  
 3. Still in pit - y, lo, He stands (In pit - y stands,) Reaching forth His



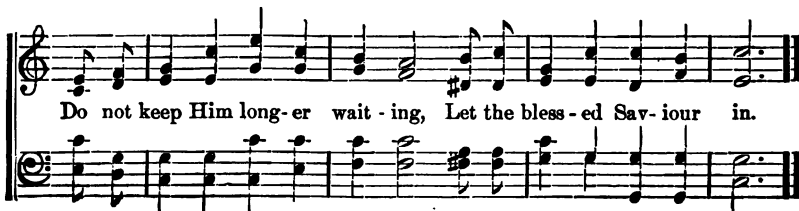
ev - ery sin; (from ev - ery sin;) He is wait-ing at the door, (yes, at the door,)  
 demp-tion free; (re-demp-tion free;) Weak and helpless tho' thou art, (yes, tho' thou art,)  
 wound-ed hands; (His wounded hands;) Grieve His patient love no more, (His love no more,)



CHORUS.  
 Hear Him call - ing o'er and o'er. } Let Him in,..... let Him  
 He will bind thy brok-en heart. }  
 O - pen now the bolt-ed door. }  
 O let Him in,



in,..... Let the bless - ed Sav - iour in;  
 O let Him in, let Him in;



Do not keep Him long-er wait - ing, Let the bless - ed Sav - iour in.

No. 45.

# Bright Glory Land!

"And there shall be no night there."—REV. 21 : 25.

IDA G. TREMAINE.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. There is a land be-yond the stars, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!  
 2. The cit-y of our God is there, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!  
 3. We lift our eyes, by faith, and see, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!

Be-yond the sun-set's crim-son bars,—Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!  
 Its jas-per walls with beau-ty fair, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!  
 Where Christ Himself the light shall be, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!

A land of peace with-out al-loy; Of joy be-yond all earth-ly joy,  
 Its gates of pearl like sil-ver gleam, Its skies with fade-less sunlight beam,  
 There songs of praise glad hearts shall sing; The ra-diant air with mu-sic ring,

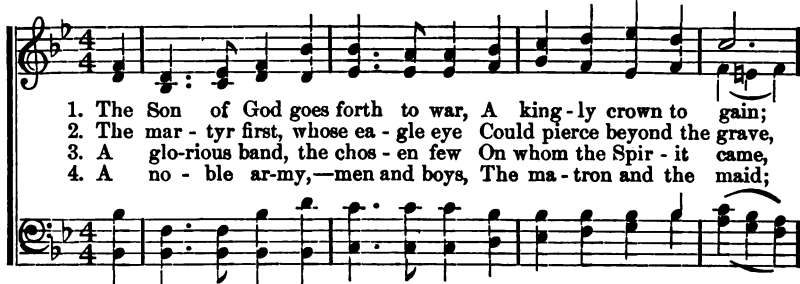
And naught its calm can e'er de-destroy,—Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!  
 And thro' it rolls life's crys-tal stream, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!  
 Each voice proclaim our Saviour, King, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!

# No. 46. The Son of God goes forth to War.

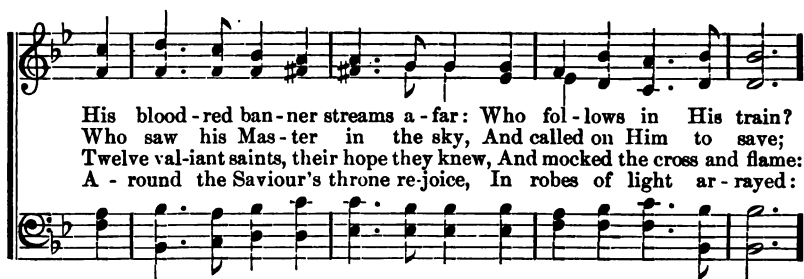
"These are they that follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."—REV. 14: 4.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

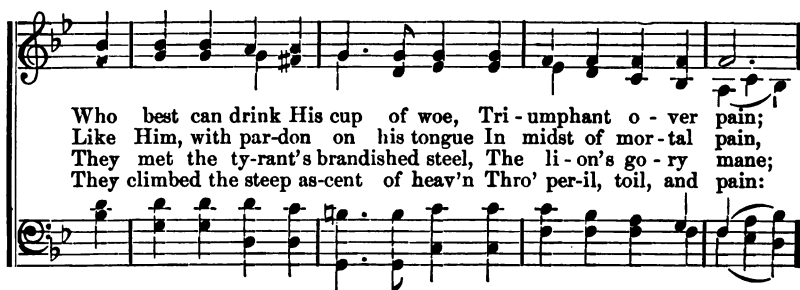
HENRY S. CUTLER.



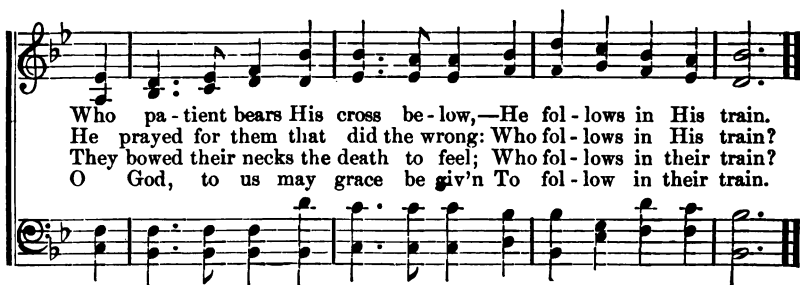
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;  
 2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave,  
 3. A glo-rious band, the chos-en few On whom the Spir-it came,  
 4. A no-ble ar-my,—men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid;



His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?  
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;  
 Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:  
 A-round the Saviour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed:



Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri-umphant o-ver pain;  
 Like Him, with par-don on his tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,  
 They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane;  
 They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per-il, toil, and pain:



Who pa-tient bears His cross be-low,—He fol-lows in His train.  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?  
 They bowed their necks the death to feel; Who fol-lows in their train?  
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.


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# No. 47. There'll Be No Dark Valley.



"Yea, though I walk through the valley."—Ps. 23: 4.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

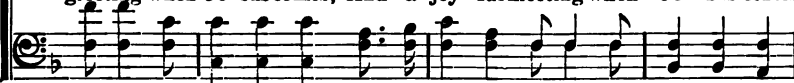
IRA D. SANKEY.




1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark  
 2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more  
 3. There'll be no more weep-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more  
 4. There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of

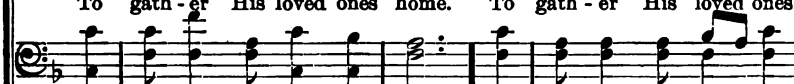

val-ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark valley when Je - sus comes  
 sor-row when Je - sus comes; But a glorious morrow when Je - sus comes  
 weeping when Je - sus comes; But a blessed reaping when Je - sus comes  
 greeting when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meeting when Je - sus comes



REFRAIN.



To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones

home, To gath - er His loved ones home; There'll be  
 safe home, safe home;




no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.

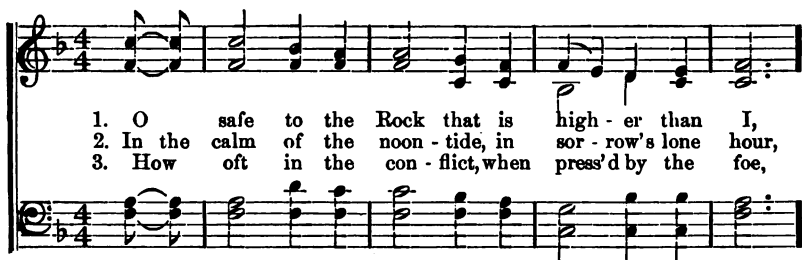


## No. 48.

## Hiding in Thee.

Rev. WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

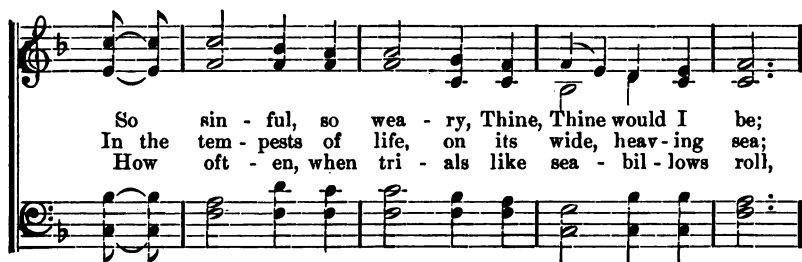
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I,  
 2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour,  
 3. How oft in the con - flict, when press'd by the foe,

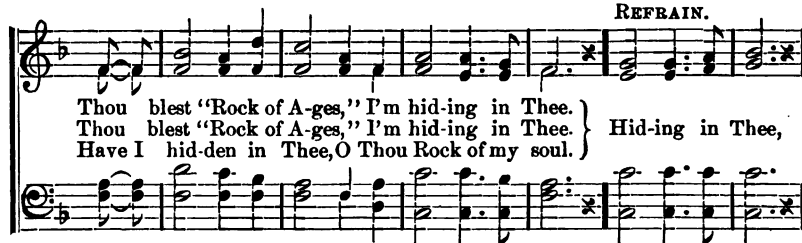


My soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly;  
 In times when tempt - a - tion casts o'er me its power;  
 I have fled to my Ref - uge and breath'd out my woe;

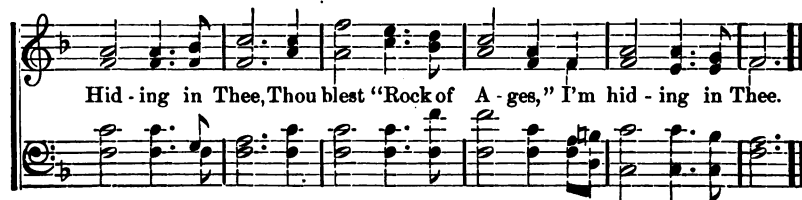


So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be;  
 In the tem - pests of life, on its wide, heav - ing sea;  
 How oft - en, when tri - als like sea - bil - lows roll,

## REFRAIN.



Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in Thee. }  
 Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in Thee. } Hid-ing in Thee,  
 Have I hid-den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul. }




Hid - ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

# No. 49. Come Unto Me, Ye Weary.


"Come unto me, all ye that labor; and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

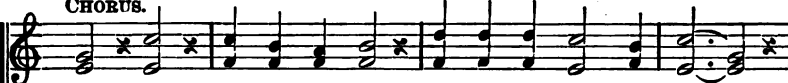


1. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, Sor-row-ing ones op - pressed;  
 2. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, List to the voice so dear,  
 3. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, List to that voice a - gain,  
 4. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry; Why will ye long - er roam?




I am your ten - der Shep - herd, Wait-ing to give you rest.  
 Sweet-er than an - gel mu - sic, Fall - ing up - on the ear.  
 O - ver the bar - ren mount-ain, O - ver the lone - ly plain.  
 Come to the arms of mer - cy, Come to a Fa - ther's home.

CHORUS.



Come, come, come un - to Me, Wea - ry and sore dis - tressed;



Come, come, come un - to Me, Come un - to Me and rest.



## No. 50.

## Moment by Moment.

"I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it,  
I will keep it night and day."—Isa. 27: 3.

D. W. WHITTLE.

MARY WHITTLE.

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reck-oned mine; Liv - ing with  
 2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a  
 3. Nev - er a heart-ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a  
 4. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a

Je - sus, a new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus 'till  
 bur - den that He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that  
 tear - drop and nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but  
 sick - ness that He can - not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in

glo - ry doth shine, Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.  
 He doth not share, Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm un - der His care.  
 there on the throne, Mo - ment by mo - ment He thinks of His own.  
 woe or in weal, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, a - bides with me still.

## CHORUS.

Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love; Mo - ment by

## Moment by Moment.—Concluded.

mo - ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus till

glo - ry doth shine; Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine. *rit.*

## No. 51. Upon the Gospel's Sacred Page.

(St. Crispin. L. M.)

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

G. J. ELVEY.

1. Up - on the gos - pel's sa - cred page The gathered beams of a - ges shine;
2. On mightier wing, in loft - ier flight, From year to year does knowledge soar;
3. More glorious, still, as cen - turies roll, New regions blest, new pow'rs unfurled,
4. Flow to re - store, but not de - stroy; As when the cloudless lamp of day

And, as it hast - ens, ev - ery age But makes its brightness more divine.  
 And, as it soars, the gos - pel light Becomes ef - ful - gent more and more.  
 Ex - panding with th' ex - pand - ing soul, Its radiance shall o'er - flow the world:  
 Pours out its floods of light and joy, And sweeps the ling - 'ring mists a - way.

## Under His Wings.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Tho' the night  
 2. Un - der His wings, whata ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart  
 3. Un - der His wings, O what precious en - joy - ment! There will I

deep - ens and tem - pests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I  
 yearn - ing - ly turns to its rest! Oft - en when earth has no  
 hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Shel - tered, pro - tect - ed, no

know He will keep me; He has redeemed me, and I am His child.  
 balm for my heal - ing, There I find com - fort, and there I am blest.  
 e - vil can harm me; Rest - ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er more.

CHORUS.

Under His wings, under His wings, Who from His love can sev - er?

Under His wings my soul shall abide, Safe - ly a - bide for - ev - er.

## No. 53.

## Take Time to be Holy.

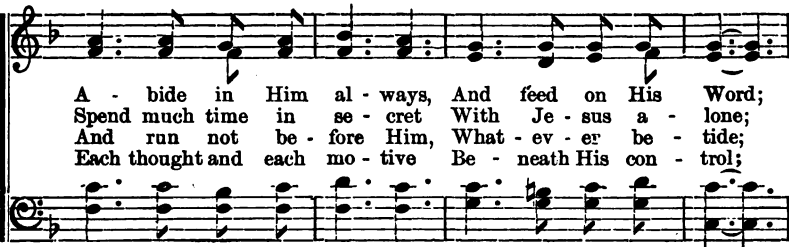
"Be ye holy; for I am the Lord your God."—LEV. 20: 7.

W. D. LONGSTAFF.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

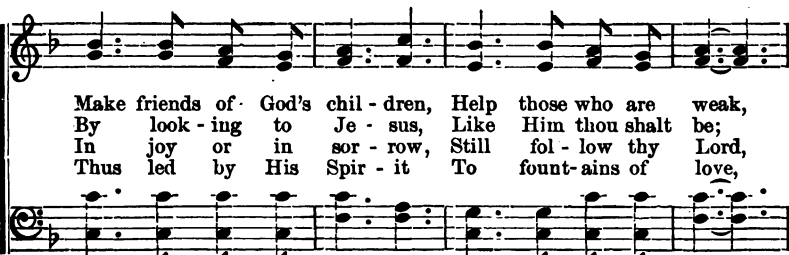


1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;  
 2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on;  
 3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,  
 4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,

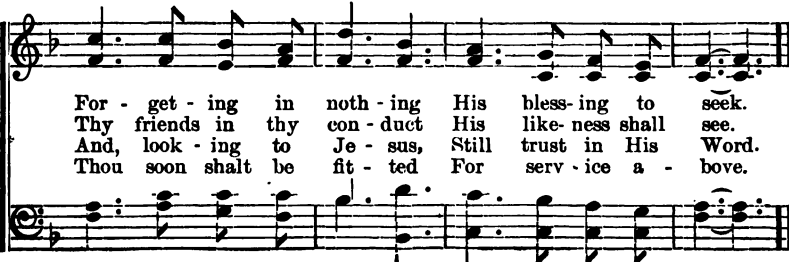


A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word;  
 Spend much time in se - cret With Je - sus a - lone;  
 And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;  
 Each thought and each mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol;

Copyright, MDCCLX, by Ira D. Sankey.



Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,  
 By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;  
 In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low thy Lord,  
 Thus led by His Spir - it To fount - ains of love,



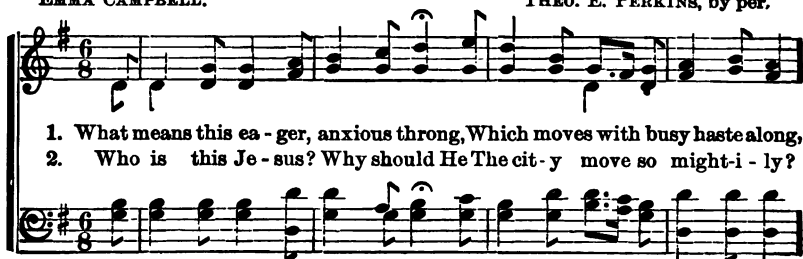
For - get - ing in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.  
 Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.  
 And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.  
 Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

# No. 54. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

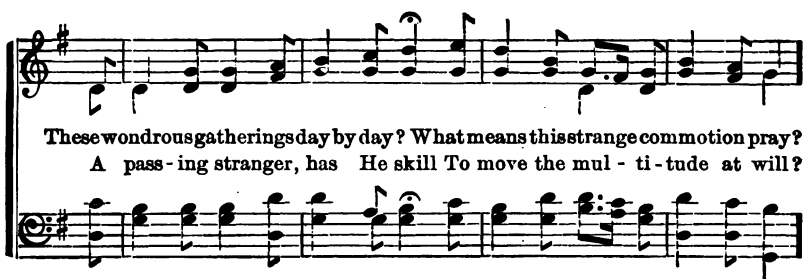
"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47.

EMMA CAMPBELL.

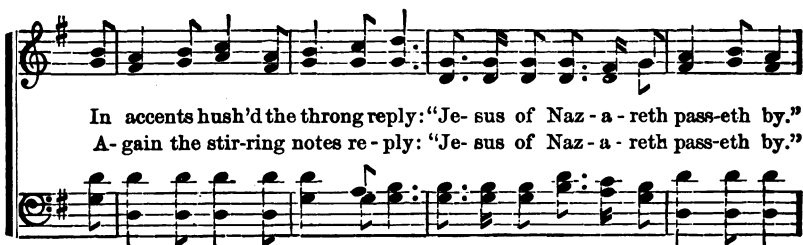
THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.



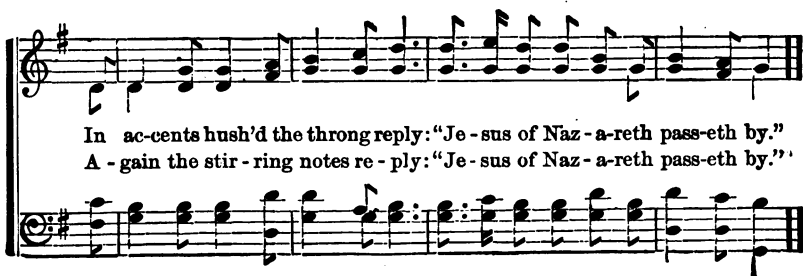
1. What means this ea-ger, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along,  
2. Who is this Je-sus? Why should He The cit-y move so might-i-ly?



These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange commotion pray?  
A pass-ing stranger, has He skill To move the mul-ti-tude at will?



In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."  
A-gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."



In ac-cents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."  
A-gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."

## Jesus of Nazareth.—Concluded.

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below  
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
And burdened ones, where'er He came,  
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and  
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: [lame,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place  
His holy footprints we can trace.  
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,  
He enters—condescends to stay.  
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home,  
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
Return, accept His proffered grace.  
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,  
And all His wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—  
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

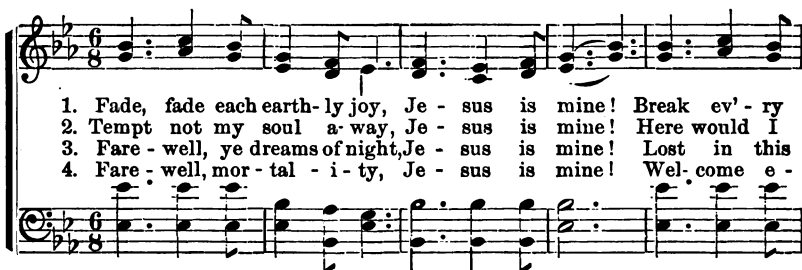
No. 55.

## Jesus is Mine.

"My beloved is mine."—SONG OF SOLOMON 2: 16.

Mrs. CATHERINE J. BONAR, 1843.

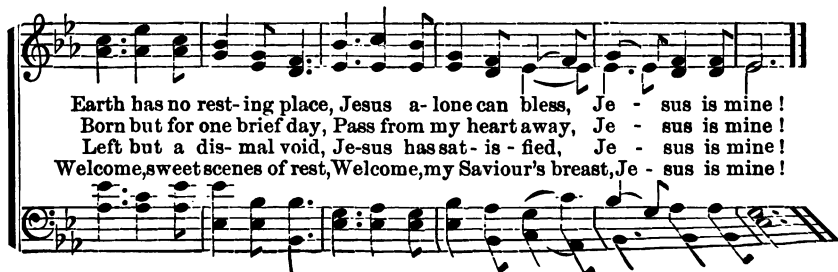
T. E. PERKINS, by per.



1. Fade, fade each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev'-ry  
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I  
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this  
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e -



ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness,  
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,  
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,  
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,



Earth has no rest-ing place, Jesus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je - sus is mine!  
Left but a dis-mal void, Je-sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!  
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

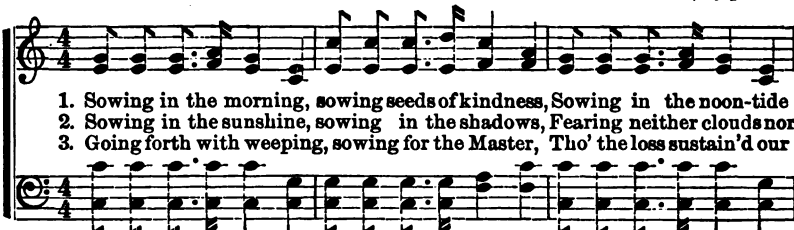
No. 56.

# Bringing in the Sheaves.

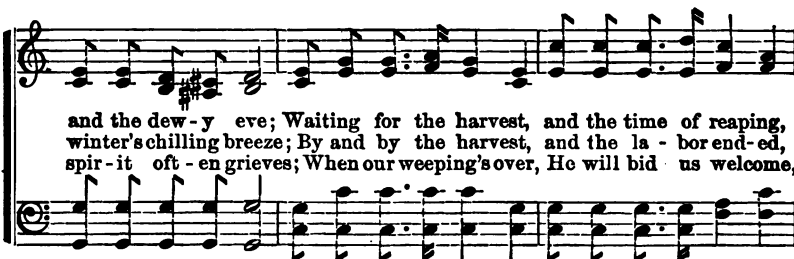
"The harvest is the end of the world."—MATT. 13: 39.

KNOWLES SHAW.

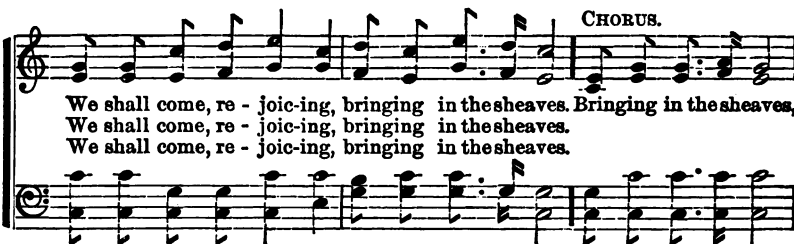
GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.



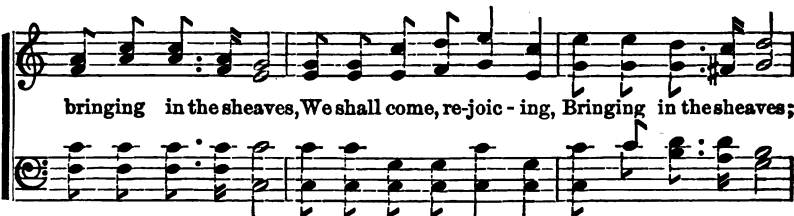
1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide  
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor  
 3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our



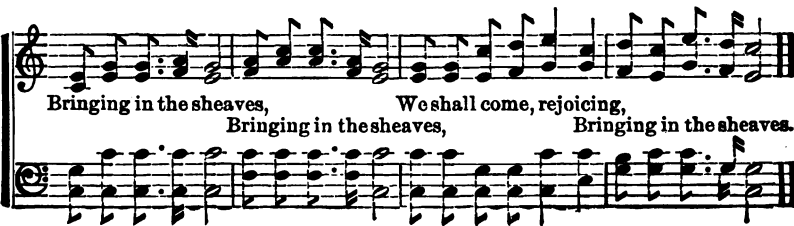
and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,  
 winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end-ed,  
 spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,



CHORUS.  
 We shall come, re - joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,  
 We shall come, re - joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.  
 We shall come, re - joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.



bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves;



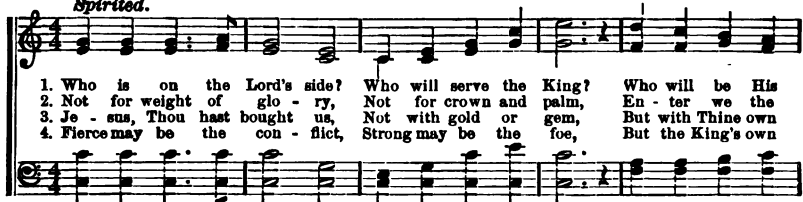
Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,  
 Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

# No. 57. Who is On the Lord's Side?

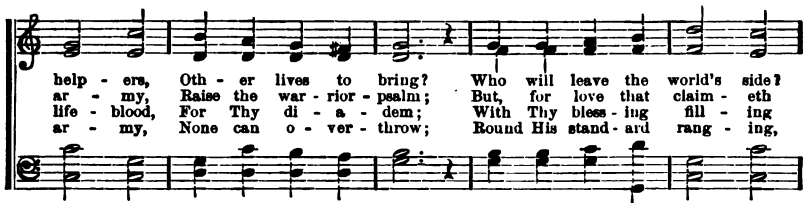
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

IRA D. SANKEY.

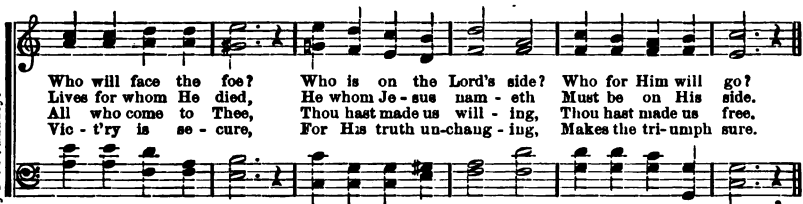
*Spirited.*



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His  
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the  
 3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own  
 4. Pierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own

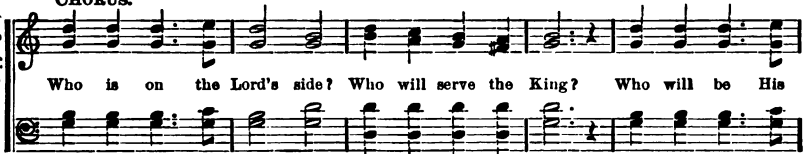


help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?  
 ar - my, Raise the war - rior - psalm; But, for love that claim - eth  
 life - blood, For Thy di - a - dem; With Thy bless - ing fill - ing  
 ar - my, None can o - ver - throw; Round His stand - ard rang - ing,

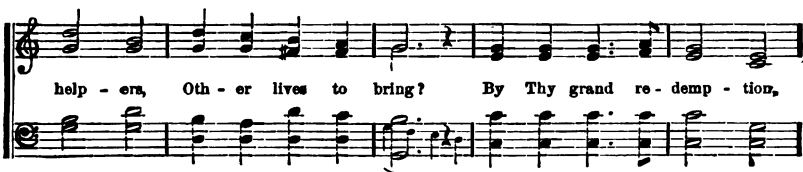


Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?  
 Lives for whom He died, He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side.  
 All who come to Thee, Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free,  
 Vic - t'ry is se - cure, For His truth un - chang - ing, Makes the tri - umph sure.

CHORUS.



Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His



help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? By Thy grand re - demp - tion,



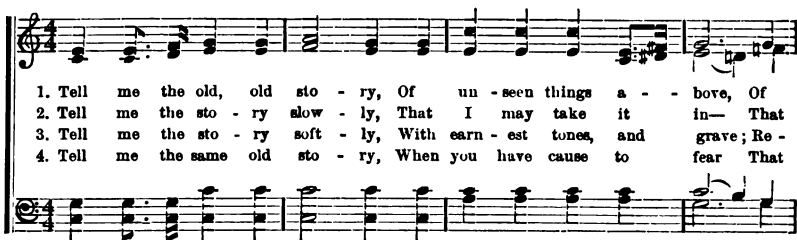
By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side; Sav - iour, we are Thine.



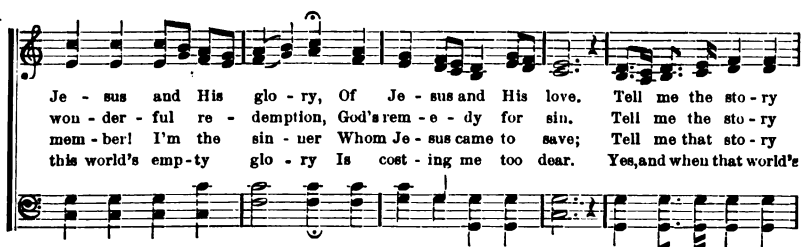
# No. 58. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

MISS KATE HANKEY.

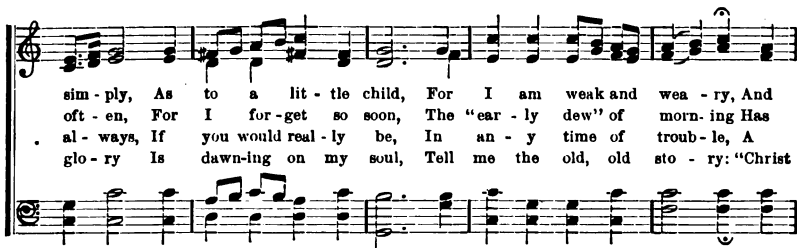
W. H. DOANE.



1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - - bove, Of  
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That  
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earn - est tones, and grave; Re -  
 4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That



Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry  
 won - der - ful re - demption, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry  
 mem - ber! I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me that sto - ry  
 this world's emp - ty glo - ry Is coet - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's



sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And  
 oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has  
 al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A  
 glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ

## CHORUS.



help - less and de - filed.  
 passed a - way at noon.  
 com - for - ter to me. } Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old  
 Je - sus makes thee whole."

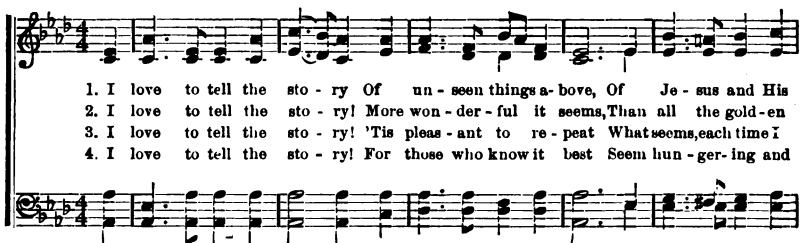


sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

# No. 59. I Love to Tell the Story.

MISS KATE HANKEY.

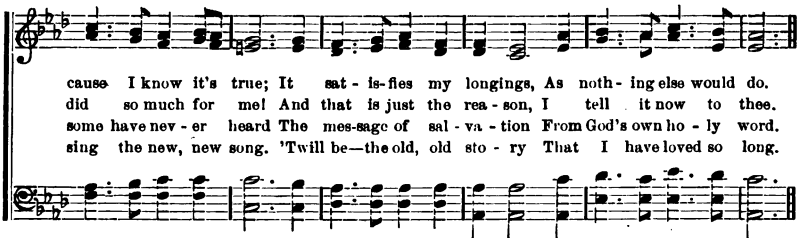
W. G. FISCHER.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His  
2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More won - der - ful it seems, Than all the gold - en  
3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I  
4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and



Glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the sto - ry! Be -  
fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry! It  
tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For  
thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I



cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings, As noth - ing else would do.  
did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son, I tell it now to thee.  
some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.  
sing the new, new song. 'Twill be—the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

## CHORUS.



I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

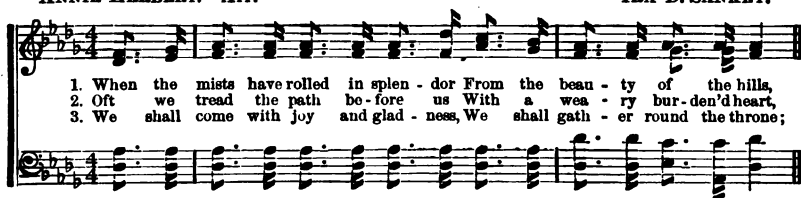


To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

# No. 60. When the Mists Have Rolled Away.

ANNIE HERBERT. Arr.

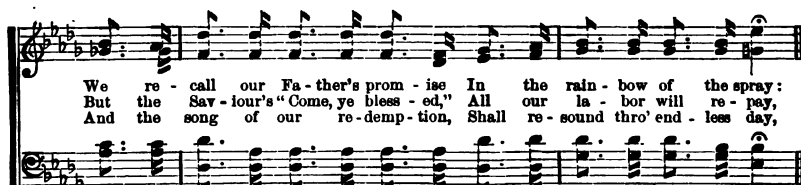
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills,  
 2. Oft we tread the path bo - fore us With a wea - ry bur - den'd heart,  
 3. We shall come with joy and glad - ness, We shall gath - er round the throne;

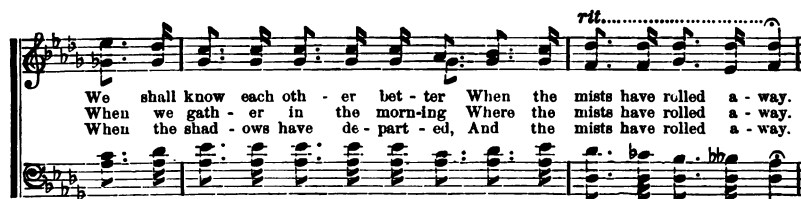


And the sun - light falls in glad - ness On the riv - er and the rills,  
 Oft we toil a - mid the shad - ows, And our fields are far a - part:  
 Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known:



We re - call our Fa - ther's prom - ise In the rain - bow of the spray:  
 But the Sav - iour's "Come, ye bless - ed," All our la - bor will re - pay,  
 And the song of our re - demp - tion, Shall re - sound thro' end - less day,

Copyright, 1889, by Ira D. Sankey.



We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have rolled a - way.  
 When we gath - er in the morn - ing Where the mists have rolled a - way.  
 When the shad - ows have de - part - ed, And the mists have rolled a - way.

## CHORUS.

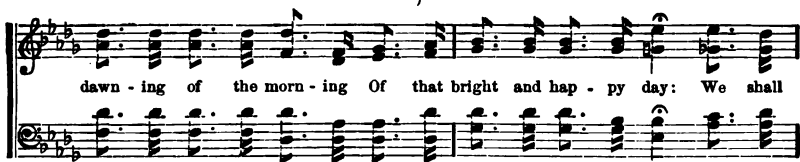


We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev - er -  
 We shall know as we are known,



more..... to walk a - lone,..... In the  
 Nev - er - more to walk a - lone, to walk a - lone,

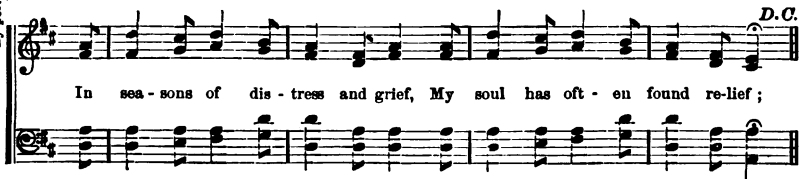
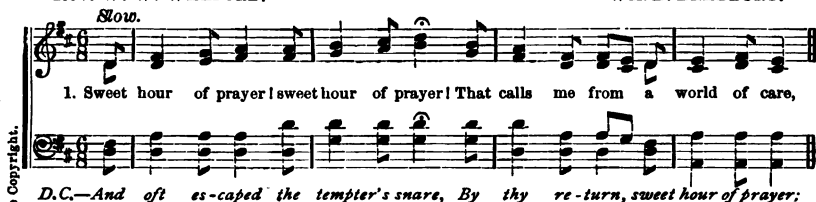
## When the Mists, etc.—Concluded.



## No. 61. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Rev. W. W. WALFORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless:  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word, and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

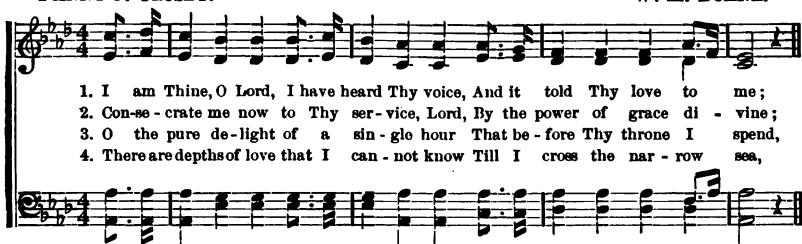
3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
May I thy consolation share,  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home and take my flight;  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

## No. 62.

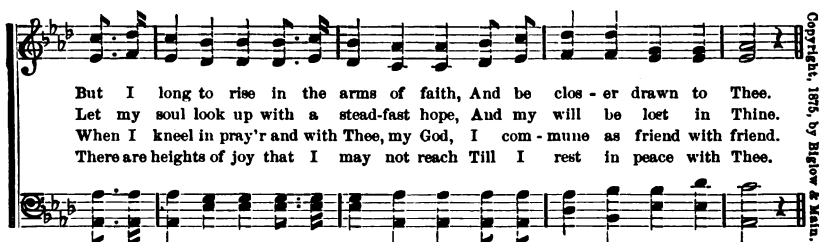
## I am Thine, O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;  
 2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy ser-vice, Lord, By the power of grace di-vine;  
 3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,  
 4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea,



But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.  
 Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be loet in Thine.  
 When I kneel in pray'r and with Thee, my God, I com-mune as friend with friend.  
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

## REFRAIN.



Draw me near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;  
 near-er, near-er,



Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

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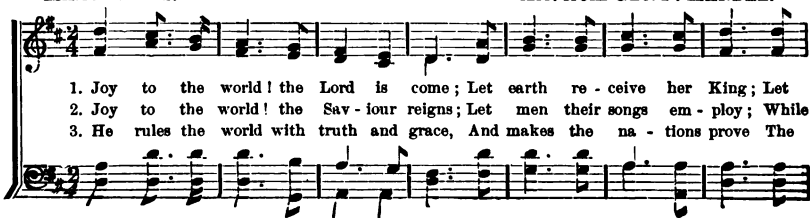
## No. 63.

## Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS.

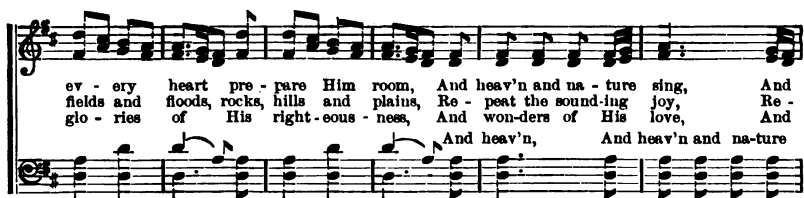
(Antioch. C. M.)

Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.

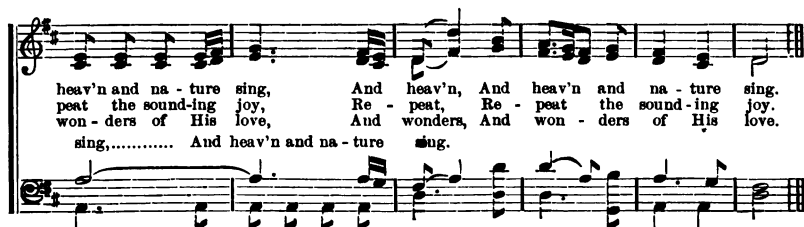


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let  
 2. Joy to the world! the Sav-our reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While  
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The

## Joy to the World.—Concluded.



ev - ery heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And  
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re -  
glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His love, And

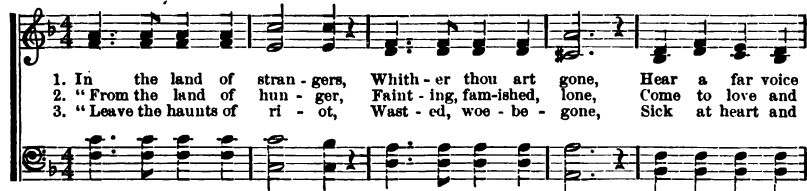


heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.  
Re - peat, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.  
won - ders of His love, And won - ders, And won - ders of His love.  
sing..... And heav'n and na - ture sing.

## No. 64. Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

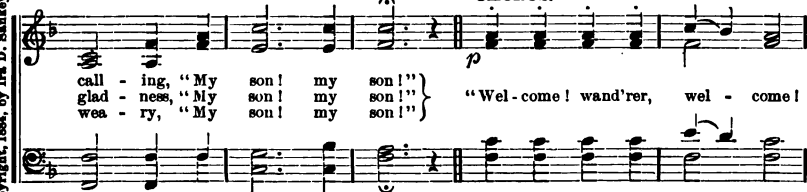
HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. In the land of stran - gers, With - er thou art gone, Hear a far voice  
2. "From the land of hun - ger, Faint - ing, fam - ished, lone, Come to love and  
3. "Leave the haunts of ri - ot, Wast - ed, woe - be - gone, Sick at heart and

### CHORUS.



call - ing, "My son! my son!" } "Wel - come! wand'rer, wel - come!  
glad - ness, "My son! my son!" }  
wea - ry, "My son! my son!" }



Welcome back to home! Thou hast wandered far a - way: Come home! come home!"

4 "See the door still open!  
Thou art still my own;  
Eyes of love are on thee,  
My son! my son!"

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;  
Wilt thou further roam?  
Come, and all is pardoned,  
My son! my son!"

6 "See the well-spread table,  
Unforgotten one!  
Here is rest and plenty,  
My son! my son!"

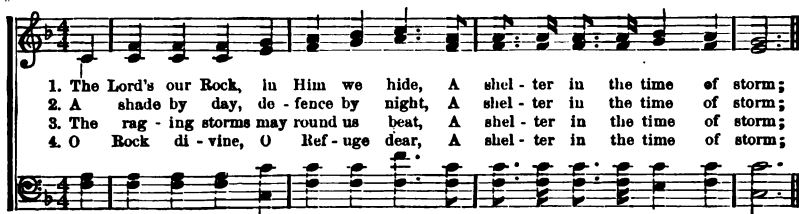
7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,  
Hopeless, and undone;  
Mine is love unchanging,  
My son! my son!"

No. 65.

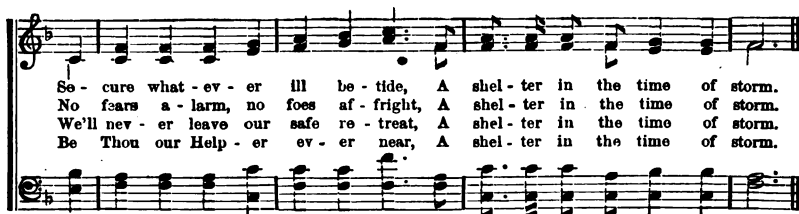
# A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

IRA D. SANKET.



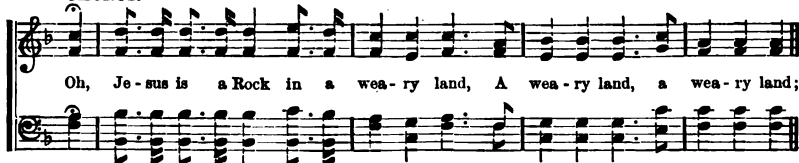
1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;



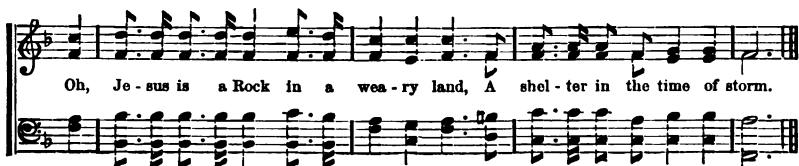
Se-cure what-ev-er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
 No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
 We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
 Be Thou our Help-ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

Copyright, 1886, by Ira D. Sanket.

## CHORUS.



Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land;



Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

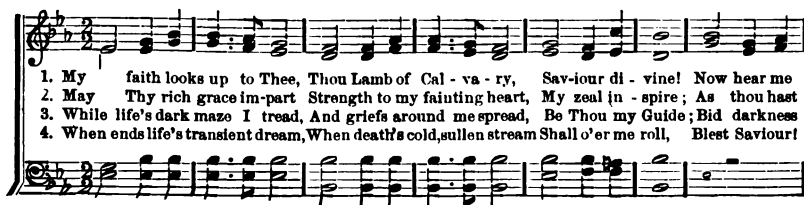
No. 66.

# My Faith Looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER, D. D.

(Olivet. 6s. 4s.)

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me  
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As thou hast  
 3. While life's dark mazo I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness  
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour!

## My Faith Looks up, etc.—Concluded.

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.  
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A liv-ing fire.  
 turn to day, Wipe sor-row's tears a-way; Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.  
 then in love, Fear and dis-trust remove; Oh, bear me safe above,—A ransomed soul.

No. 67.

## I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALLEY CLOUGH.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav-four, He's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear lov-ing Sav-four tho'  
 2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty,  
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splen-dent in white-ness, A-wait-ing in glo-ry my  
 4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv-er—A peace that the friends of this  
 5. When Je-sus has found you, tell others the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-four is

earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten-der-ness o'er me, But  
 bless-ed and true; And soon He will call me to meet Him in heav-en, But  
 won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in bright-ness, Dear  
 world nev-er knew; My Sav-four a-lone is its Au-thor and Giv-er, And  
 your Sav-four too; Then pray that your Sav-four may bring them to glo-ry, And

CHORUS.

oh, that my Sav-four were your Sav-four too.  
 oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!  
 friends, could I see you re-ceive-ing one too!  
 oh, could I know it was giv-en to you!  
 prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

For you I am pray-ing, For

you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.



## No. 68.

## How Firm a Foundation.

G. KEITH.

(Portuguese Hymn. 11a.)

M. PORTOGALLO.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis - mayed, For  
 3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The  
 4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I

laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He  
 I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee,  
 riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be  
 will not— I will not de - sert to His foes; That soul— tho' all

say, than to you He hath said— To you, who for ref - uge to  
 help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra - cious, om -  
 with thee thy troub - le to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy  
 hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er— no nev - er— no

Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?  
 nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by My gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.  
 deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.  
 nev - er for - sake! I'll nev - er— no nev - er— no nev - er for - sake!"

## No. 69.

## My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Anon.

A. J. GORDON, D. D.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the  
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

Lead by per.

## My Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies  
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 70.

## Pass me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;  
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;  
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;  
4. Thou, the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me,

CHORUS.  
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.  
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief;  
Heal my wounded, brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace. } Sav - iour, Sav - iour,  
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

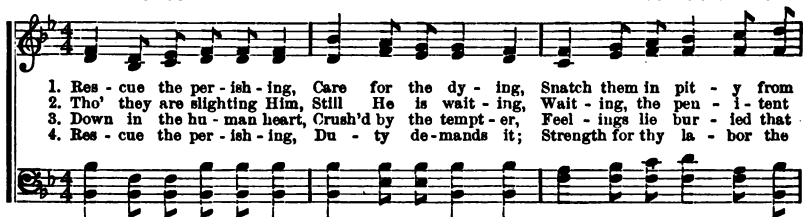
hear my hum - ble cry, While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

# No. 71.

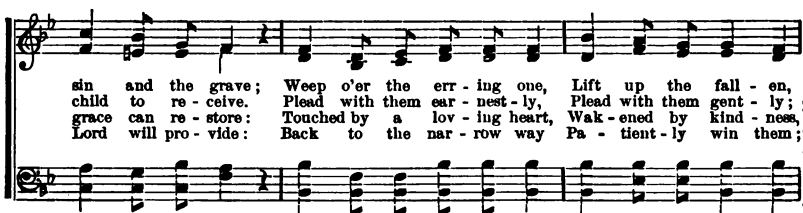
# Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

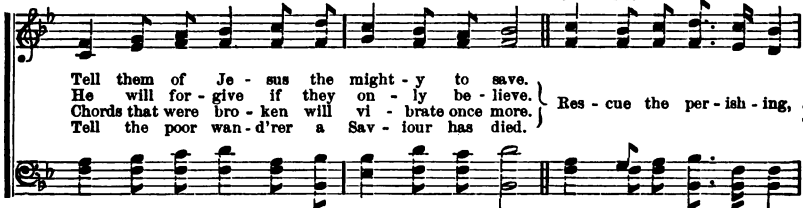


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from  
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing, the pen - i - tent  
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crush'd by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie bur - led that  
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,  
 child to re - ceive. Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gent - ly;  
 grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,  
 Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

## CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save,  
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve,  
 Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more,  
 Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - our has died.

Res - cue the per - ish - ing,



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

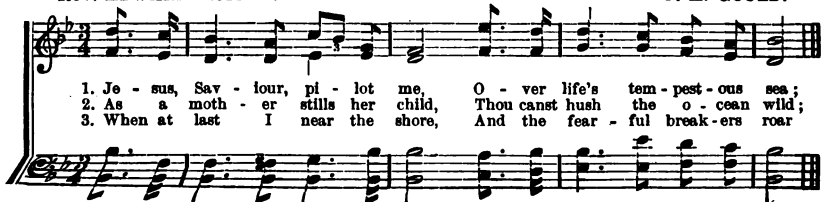
# No. 72.

# Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me!

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

(Pilot. 7s. 6 lines.)

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - our, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - ous sea;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

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## Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.—Concluded.

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
Boist - rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

No. 73.

## Hide Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me In Thy ho - ly place; Resting there beneath Thy  
2. Hide me, when the storm is rag-ing O'er life's troubled sea; Like a dove on o - cean's  
3. Hide me, when my heart is breaking With its weight of woe; When in tears I seek the

### REFRAIN.

glo - ry, O let me see Thy face. } Hide me, hide me,  
hil - lows, O let me fly to Thee. } Hide me, hide me, safe - ly hide me,  
com - fort Thou canst a - lone be - stow. }

O bless-ed Saviour, hide me; O Saviour, keep me Safe-ly, O Lord, with Thee.  
O, my Saviour, keep Thou me.

# No. 74. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the  
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -  
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are Thy  
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whis - per Thy praise, This be the

pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,  
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,  
 mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain; When they can sing with me,  
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

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# No. 75. Throw out the Life-Line.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

E. S. UFFORD. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

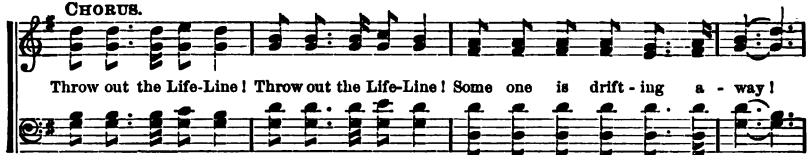
1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom some one should save;  
 2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar - ry, why lin - ger so long;  
 3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan - ger - fraught men, Sink - ing in anguish where you've never been;  
 4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore,

Some - bod - y's brother! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?  
 See! he is sink - ing; oh, hast - en to - day - And out with the Life-Boat! away, then, a - way!  
 Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.  
 Haste then, my brother, no time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.

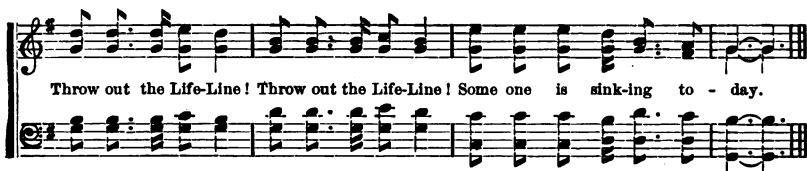
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## Throw out the Life-Line.—Concluded.

### CHORUS.



Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way!



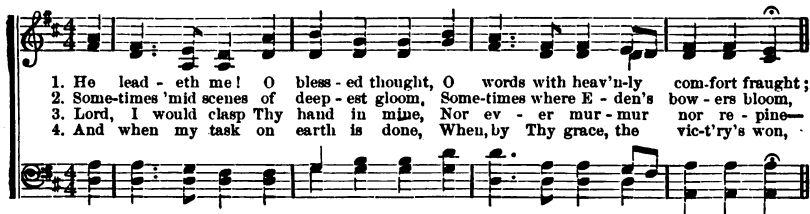
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

No. 76.

## He Leadeth Me.

Rev. Jos. H. GILMORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought, O words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught;  
 2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some-times where E-den's bow-ers bloom,  
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine—  
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

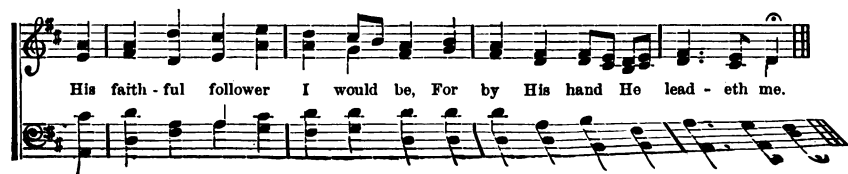


What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jor-dan lead-eth me.

### REFRAIN.



He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;



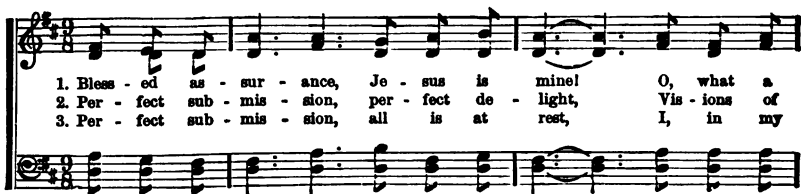
His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 77.

# Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

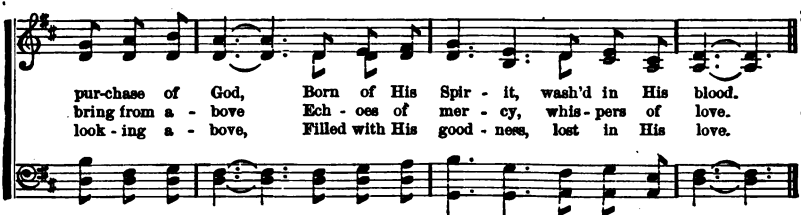
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a  
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of  
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I, in my



fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion,  
 rapt - ure now burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing,  
 Sav - iour, am hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing,



pur - chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.  
 bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.  
 look - ing a - bove, Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.

Copyright, 1873, by Jas. F. Knapp.

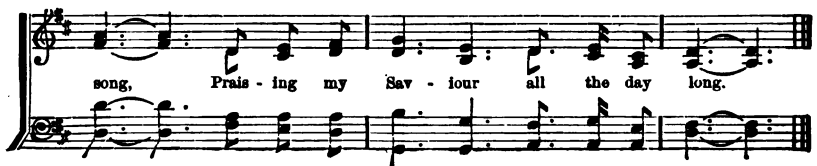
CHORUS.



This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my



Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my



song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser - vants of God, Let us  
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the  
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the  
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a

fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His coun - sel our  
 fountain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our  
 king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je - ho - vah ex -  
 robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the faith - ful our

strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.  
 glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the tid - ings, "Sal - va - tion is free!"  
 al - ted shall be, In the loud swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!"  
 dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ransom d, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

## CHORUS.

Toll - ing on, toll - ing on, Toll - ing on, toll - ing

on; Let us hope, Let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.  
 toll - ing on; and trust, and pray,

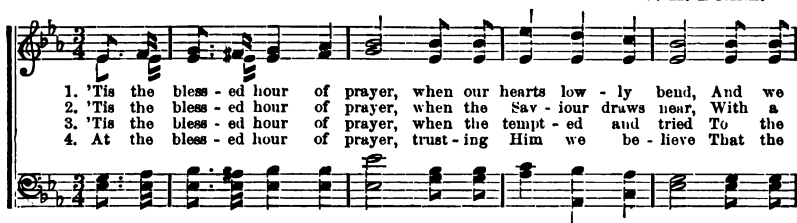


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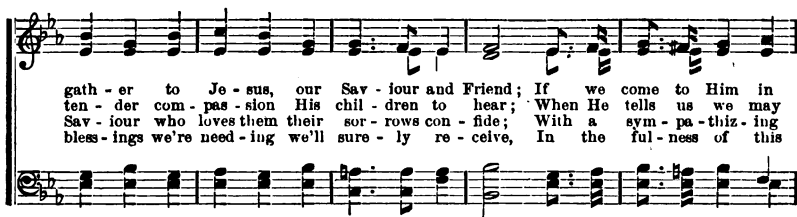
## 'Tis the Blessed Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we  
 2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - iour draws near, With a  
 3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt - ed and tried To the  
 4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust - ing Him we be - lieve That the



gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and Friend; If we come to Him in  
 ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may  
 Sav - iour who loves them their sor - rows con - fide; With a sym - pa - thiz - ing  
 bless - ings we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive, In the ful - ness of this

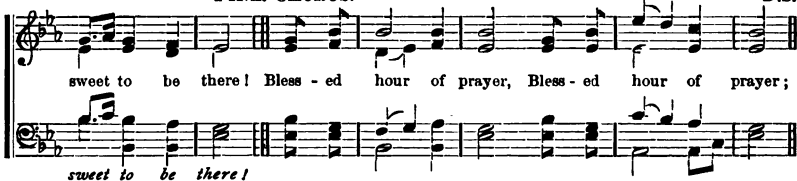


faith, His pro - tec - tion to share;  
 cast at His feet ev - 'ry care;  
 heart He re - moves ev - 'ry care;  
 trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care;

What a balm for the wea - ry! O how

*D.S.—What a balm for the wea - ry! O how*

FINE. CHORUS.

*D.S.*


sweet to be there! Bless - ed hour of prayer, Bless - ed hour of prayer;  
 sweet to be there!

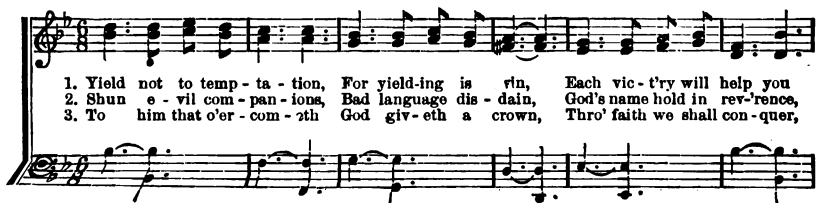
COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY BIGLOW &amp; MAIN.

## No. 80.

## Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. PALMER.

H. R. PALMER.



1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will help you  
 2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev - erence,  
 3. To him that o'er - com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer,

## Yield Not to Temptation.—Concluded.

Copyright, 1882, by E. R. Palmer. Used by per.



Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark pas - sions sub - due,  
Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est, Kind - heart - ed and true,  
Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour, Our strength will re - new,

**CHORUS.**

Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you,

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

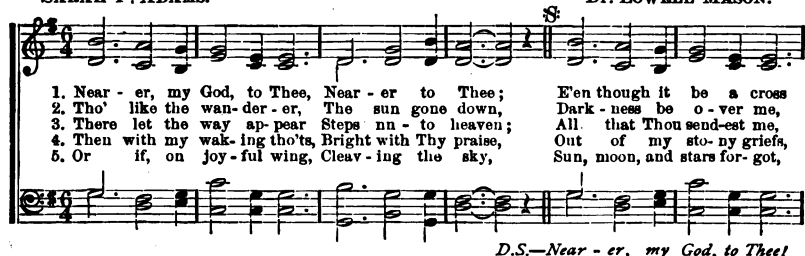
No. 81.

## Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

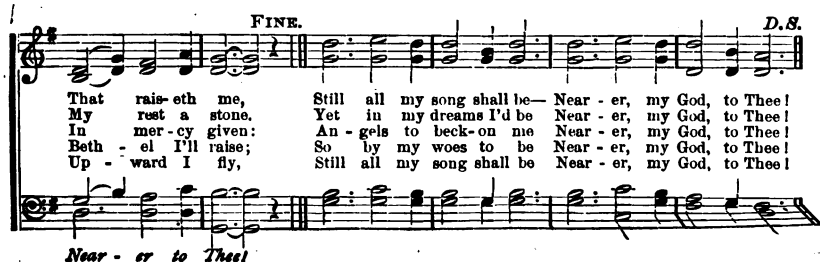
(Bethany. 6s. 4s.)

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross  
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,  
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps nn - to heaven; All that Thou send - est me,  
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs,  
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

*D.S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee!*



**FINE.** *D.S.*

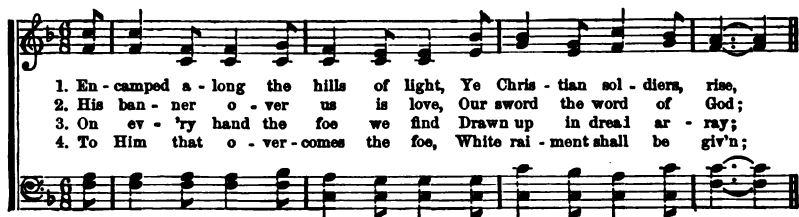
That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be—Near - er, my God, to Thee!  
My rest a stone. Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee!  
In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee!  
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee!  
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near - er, my God, to Thee!

*Near - er to Thee!*

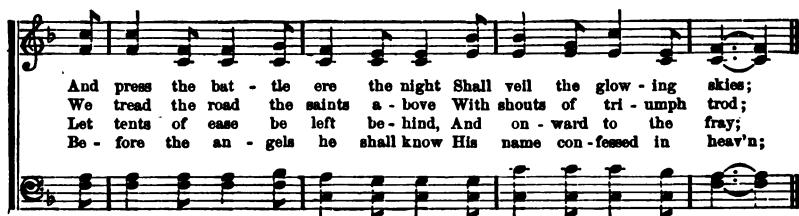
## Faith is the Victory.

Rev. JOHN H. YATES.

IRA D. SANKNEY.



1. En-camped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise,  
 2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the word of God;  
 3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray;  
 4. To Him that o-ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv'n;

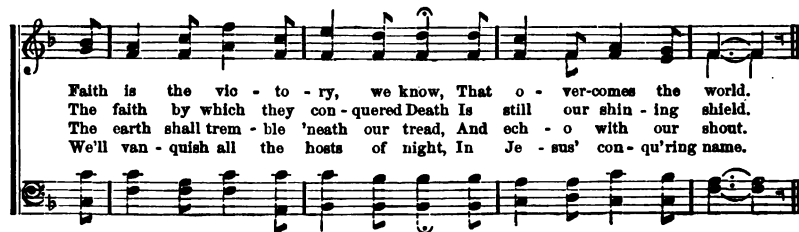


And press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies;  
 We tread the road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph trod;  
 Let tents of ease be left be-hind, And on-ward to the fray;  
 Be-fore the an-gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heav'n;



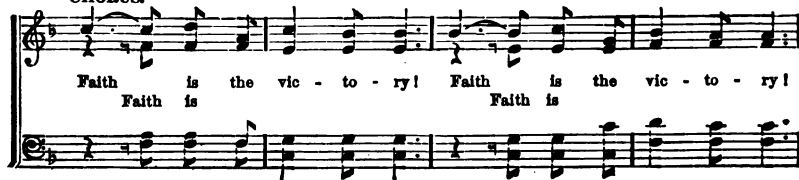
A-gainst the foe in vales be-low, Let all our strength be hurled;  
 By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field;  
 Sal-va-tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout,  
 Then on-ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame;

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Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know, That o-ver-comes the world.  
 The faith by which they con-quer'd Death Is still our shin-ing shield.  
 The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.  
 We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je-sus' con-qu'ring name.

## CHORUS.



Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the vic-to-ry!  
 Faith is Faith is

## Faith is the Victory.—Concluded.

Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver - comes the world.

## No. 83. Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

C. WESLEY.

(Beecher. 8s. 7s. D.)

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love Di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down !  
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery troub - led breast !  
 3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive ;  
 4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion ; Pure and spot - less let us be ;

Used by permission.

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing ; All, Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.  
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest.  
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave :  
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee :

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art ;  
 Take a - way the love of sin - ning ; Al - pha and O - me - ga be,  
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,  
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place,

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion ; En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.  
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.  
 Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy por - fect love.  
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

# No. 84. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING-GOULD.

*Presto.*

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



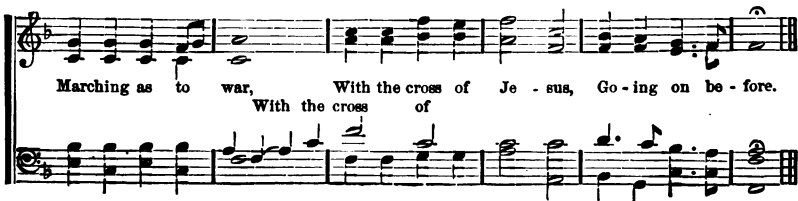
1. On-ward, Christian Sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus  
 2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God: Broth-ers, we are tread-ing  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of Je-sus  
 4. On-ward, then, ye faith-ful, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voi-ces,



Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the Roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a- gainst the foe;  
 Where the saints have trod. We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod-y we-  
 Con-stant will re-main: Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;  
 In the tri-umph song: Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or, Un-to Christ the King:



CHORUS.  
 For-ward in-to bat-tle, See His ban-ners go,  
 One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty. } On-ward, Christian sol-diers!  
 We have Christ's own prom-ise— And that can-not fail.  
 This thro' count-ess a-ges Men and an-gels sing.



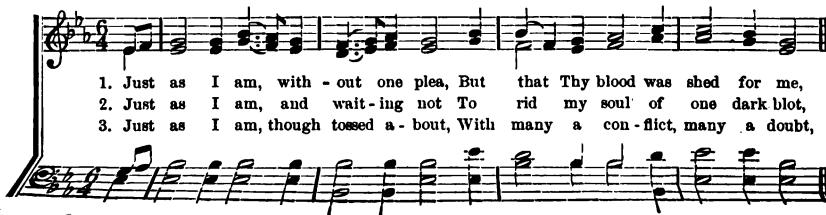
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus, Go-ing on be-fore.  
 With the cross of

# No. 85. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(Woodworth. L. M.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am, though tossed a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,

Used by per.

## Just as I Am.—Concluded.

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
 Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in Thee I find,  
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because Thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

## No. 86. Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His  
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Re-deem-er! For our sins He  
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly por-tals,

won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in  
 suf-fered, and bled and died; He—our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-  
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-iour, reign-eth for-ev-er and

*D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent*

**FINE.**  
 glo-ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd,  
 va-tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the cru-ci-fied. Sound His prais-es—  
 ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Proph-et, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing,

*greatness; Praise Him! praise Him ev-er in joy-ful song!*

**D.S.**  
 Je-sus will guard His chil-dren, In His arms He car-ries them all day long;  
 Je-sus who bore our sor-rows, Love un-bound ed, won-der-ful, deep and strong;  
 o-ver the world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long;

# No. 87.

# Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Slow.*

*m*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;  
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me?  
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me;  
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me.  
 Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?  
 Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

*m* CHORUS.

*cres.*

Come home,..... Come home,..... Ye who are wea - ry, come home;.....  
 Come home, Come home,

*p* Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!  
*rit.* *p*

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO, AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

# No. 88. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

(Wellesley. 8s. 7s.)

Rev. F. W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE.

1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea:  
 2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;  
 3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;  
 4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;

Used by per.

## There's a Witness.—Concluded.

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.  
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal-ing in His blood.  
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.  
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

## No. 89. A Soldier of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross— A fol-lower of the Lamb?  
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies, On flow-ery beds of ease,  
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour-age, Lord!

Copyright, 1880, by Ira D. Sankey.

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toll, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

### CHORUS.

In the name..... of Christ the King, Who hath  
 In the name of Christ the King,

purchas'd life for me, Thro' grace I'll win the promised crown, What-e'er my cross may be.



# No. 90.

# We Shall Meet.

JOHN ATKINSON, D.D.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv-er, By and by, by and by; And the dark-ness  
 2. We shall strike the harps of glo-ry, By and by, by and by; We shall sing re-  
 3. We shall see and be like Je-sus, By and by, by and by; Who a crown of  
 4. There our tears shall all cease flow-ing, By and by, by and by; And with sweet-est

will be o-ver, By and by, by and by; With the toil-some jour-ney done,  
 demp-tion's sto-ry, By and by, by and by; And the strains for-ev-er-more  
 life will give us, By and by, by and by; And the an-gels who ful-fill  
 rapt-ure know-ing, By and by, by and by; All the blest ones, who have gone

And the glo-rious bat-tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.  
 Shall resound in sweetness o'er Yon-der ev-er-last-ing shore, By and by, by and by.  
 All the mandates of His will Shall at-tend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.  
 To the land of life and song,—We with shoutings shall re-join, By and by, by and by.

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# No. 91.

# Jesus, Thou art Standing.

Rev. W. W. How.

(St. Hilda. 7s & 6s.)

From J. H. KNECHT.

1. O Je-sus, Thou art stand-ing Out-side the fast-closed door,  
 2. O Je-sus, Thou art knock-ing: And lo! that hand is scarred,  
 3. O Je-sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac-cents meek and low,—

In low-ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:  
 And thorns Thy brow en-cir-cle, And tears Thy face have marred:  
 "I died for you, my chil-dren, And will ye treat me so?"

## O Jesus, Thou art Standing.—Concluded.

We bear the name of Christ - ians, His name and sign we bear :  
 Oh, love that pass - eth know - ledge, So pa - tient - ly to wait !  
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door :

Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us ! To keep Him stand - ing there.  
 Oh, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate !  
 Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more !

No. 92.

## The Solid Rock.

REV. EDWARD MOTE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right-eous-ness ;  
 2. When dark - ness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un - chang - ing grace ;  
 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the whelm-ing flood ;  
 4. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, O may I then in Him be found,

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.  
 In ev - ery high and storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the veil.  
 When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.  
 Cloth'd in His right - eous - ness a - lone, Fault - less to stand be - fore the throne !

CHORUS.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand ; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand.

# No. 93.

# Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to - day, call-ing to - day;  
 2. Je - sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest— Call-ing to - day, call-ing to - day;  
 3. Je - sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now— Waiting to - day, wait-ing to - day;  
 4. Je - sus is plead-ing, oh, list to His voice— Hear Him to - day, hear Him to - day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?  
 Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.  
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no long - er de - lay.  
 They who be-lieve on His name shall re - joice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.

## REFRAIN.

Call - - - ing to - day,..... call - - - ing to - day;.....  
 Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call-ing to - day, to - day;

Je - - - sus is call - - - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.  
 Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to-day,

Copyright 1888, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

# No. 94. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

(Last Hope. 7s.)

REV. ANDREW REED.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK, arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;  
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;  
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - den'd heart of mine;  
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Used by permission.

## Holy Ghost, with Light, etc.—Concluded.

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.  
 Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.  
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed - ing heart.  
 Cast down ev - ery i - dol throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

No. 95.

## At the Cross.

I. WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He de-vote that  
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up-on the tree? A - maz-ing pit - y!  
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my-

CHORUS.

sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
 grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree. } At the cross, at the cross, where I  
 self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

first saw the light, And the bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was  
 rolled a-way,

there by faith I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

No. 96.

## Take Me as I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.  
*Moderato.*

IRA D. SANKHY.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me I must die: Oh,  
 2. Help-less, I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt, And  
 3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break, Yet  
 4. Be - hold me, Sav - iour, at Thy feet, Deal with me as Thou see - st meet; Thy

CHORUS.  
 bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.  
 Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.  
 save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.  
 work be - gin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am. } And take me as I am,

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And take me as I am. My on - ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am.

No. 97.

## Rock of Ages.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY.

(Toplady. 7s. 6 lines.)

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,  
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know,  
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling; Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress,  
 4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown,

From Thy riv - er - side which flowed, Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and power.  
 Could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 Help-less look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the fountain fly, Wash me, Saviour, or I die.  
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

## No. 98.

## All Hail the Power.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

(Coronation. C. M.)

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 3. Oh, that with yon - der as - cred through We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord..... of all.  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord..... of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord..... of all.

## No. 99. My Country, 'tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH, D. D.

(America. 6s. 4s.)

H. CAREY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
 2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal  
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

*cres.*  
 fa - thers died Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side, Let free - dom ring.  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro - long.  
 land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

# No. 100.

# God be With You!

Rev. J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His coun-sels guide, up - hold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings pro-ect - ing hide you,  
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's per - ils thick con-found you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!  
 Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!  
 Put His arms un - fall - ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

CHORUS.

Till we meet!..... Till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;  
 Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!

Till we meet!..... Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!  
 Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

## 101 How Solemn are the Words.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 690.

- 1 How solemn are the words,  
 And yet to faith how plain,  
 Which Jesus uttered while on earth—  
*"Ye must be born again!"*
- 2 *"Ye must be born again!"*  
 For so hath God decreed;  
 No reformation will suffice—  
*This life poor sinners need.*

- 3 *"Ye must be born again!"*  
 And life in Christ must have;  
 In vain the soul may elsewhere go—  
*'Tis He alone can save.*
- 4 *"Ye must be born again!"*  
 Or never enter heaven;  
*'Tis only blood-washed ones are these,*  
 The ransomed and forgiven.

Anon.

## Hymns.

### 102 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 595.

1 I hear Thy welcome voice  
That calls me, Lord, to Thee;  
For cleansing in Thy precious blood  
That flowed on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming, Lord!  
Coming now to Thee!  
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood  
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,  
Thou dost my strength assure;  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love,  
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms  
The blessed work within,  
By adding grace to welcomed grace,  
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And He the witness gives  
To loyal hearts and free,  
That every promise is fulfilled,  
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!  
All hail, redeeming grace!  
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,  
Our Strength and Righteousness!  
L. Hartsough.

### 103 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 721.

1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:

All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile, and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—  
Grace to cover all my sin:  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make me, keep me, pure within.  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee:  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley.

### 104 Come, Thou fount.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 633.

1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise;  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!  
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home;  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

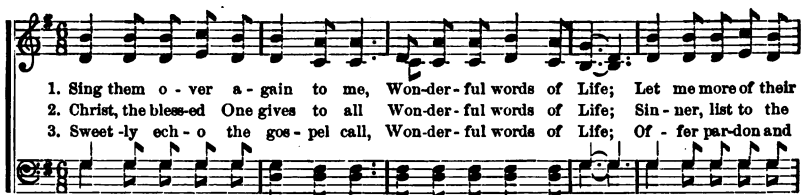
R. Robinson.



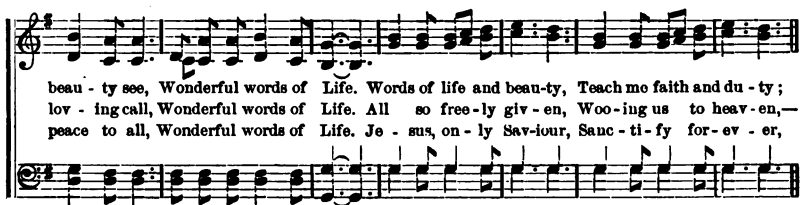
## No. 105. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

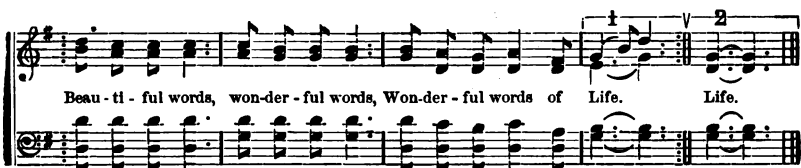
P. P. BLISS.



1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life; Let memore of their  
2. Christ, the bless - ed One gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life; Sin - ner, list to the  
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life; Of - fer par - don and



beau - ty see, Wonderful words of Life. Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;  
lov - ing call, Wonderful words of Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en, -  
peace to all, Wonderful words of Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er,



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. Life.

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### 106 In the Cross of Christ.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 698.

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story,  
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ercome me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming,  
Adds new luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

J. Bowring.

### 107 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 712.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

J. Fawcett.

## Responsive Scripture Readings.

Verses in Roman type are to be read by the Leader, those in *Italics* by the People, and those in **Heavy Faced** type by all.

### Selection 1.

PSALM 1.

**BLESSED** is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

*But his delight is in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.*

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

*The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.*

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

**For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.**

### Selection 2.

PSALM 19 (I-II).

**THE** heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

*Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.*

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

*Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,*

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

*His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.*

The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.

*The statutes of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.*

The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether.

*More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.*

**Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.**

### Selection 3.

PSALM 23.

**THE** LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.*

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

**Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.**

### Selection 4.

PSALM 41.

**BLESSED** is he that considereth the poor: the LORD will deliver him in time of trouble.

*The LORD will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth: and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.*

The LORD will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.

*I said, LORD, be merciful unto me: heal my soul; for I have sinned against thee.*

Mine enemies speak evil of me, When shall he die, and his name perish?

## Responsive Scripture Readings.

*And if he come to see me, he speaketh vanity: his heart gathereth iniquity to itself; when he goeth abroad, he telleth it.*

All that hate me whisper together against me: against me do they devise my hurt.

*An evil disease, say they, cleaveth fast unto him: and now that he lieth he shall rise up no more.*

Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.

*But thou, O LORD, be merciful unto me, and raise me up, that I may requite them.*

By this I know that thou favourest me, because mine enemy doth not triumph over me.

*And as for me, thou upholdest me in mine integrity, and sellest me before thy face for ever.*

**Blessed be the LORD God of Israel from everlasting, and to everlasting. Amen, and Amen.**

### Selection 5.

PSALM 51 (1-13).

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

*Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.*

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

*Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.*

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

*Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.*

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

*Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.*

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

*Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.*

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

*Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.*

**Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.**

### Selection 6.

PSALM 63.

O GOD, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

*To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.*

Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

*Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.*

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

• *When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.*

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

*My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.*

But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

*They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.*

**But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory; but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.**

### Selection 7.

PSALM 67.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us;

*That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.*

## Responsive Scripture Readings.

Let the people praise thee, O God ;  
let all the people praise thee.

*O let the nations be glad and sing  
for joy : for thou shalt judge the people  
righteously, and govern the nations  
upon earth.*

Let the people praise thee, O God ;  
let all the people praise thee.

*Then shall the earth yield her in-  
crease ; and God, even our own God,  
shall bless us.*

**God shall bless us ; and all the  
ends of the earth shall fear him.**

### Selection 8.

PSALM 91 (1-10).

**HE** that dwelleth in the secret place  
of the Most High shall abide under  
the shadow of the Almighty.

*I will say of the LORD, He is my  
refuge and my fortress : my God ; in  
him will I trust.*

Surely he shall deliver thee from  
the snare of the fowler, and from the  
noisome pestilence.

*He shall cover thee with his feath-  
ers, and under his wings shalt thou  
trust : his truth shall be thy shield and  
buckler.*

Thou shalt not be afraid for the  
terror by night ; nor for the arrow that  
flieth by day ;

*Nor for the pestilence that walketh  
in darkness ; nor for the destruction  
that wasteth at noonday.*

A thousand shall fall at thy side,  
and ten thousand at thy right hand ;  
but it shall not come nigh thee.

*Only with thine eyes shalt thou  
behold and see the reward of the  
wicked.*

Because thou hast made the LORD,  
which is my refuge, even the Most  
High, thy habitation ;

**There shall be no evil befall thee,  
neither shall any plague come nigh  
thy dwelling**

### Selection 9.

PSALM 121.

**I WILL** lift up mine eyes unto the  
hills, from whence cometh my help.

*My help cometh from the LORD,  
which made heaven and earth.*

He will not suffer thy foot to be  
moved : he that keepeth thee will not  
slumber.

*Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall  
neither slumber nor sleep.*

The LORD is thy keeper : the LORD  
is thy shade upon thy right hand.

*The sun shall not smite thee by day,  
nor the moon by night.*

The LORD shall preserve thee from  
all evil : he shall preserve thy soul.

**The LORD shall preserve thy go-  
ing out and thy coming in from  
this time forth, and even for ever-  
more.**

### Selection 10.

PROVERBS 3 (1-12).

**MY** son, forget not my law ; but let  
thine heart keep my commandments :

*For length of days, and long life,  
and peace, shall they add to thee.*

Let not mercy and truth forsake  
thee : bind them about thy neck ; write  
them upon the table of thine heart :

*So shalt thou find favour and good  
understanding in the sight of God  
and man.*

Trust in the LORD with all thine  
heart ; and lean not unto thine own  
understanding.

*In all thy ways acknowledge him,  
and he shall direct thy paths.*

Be not wise in thine own eyes : fear  
the LORD, and depart from evil.

*It shall be health to thy navel, and  
marrow to thy bones.*

Honour the LORD with thy sub-  
stance, and with the firstfruits of all  
thine increase :

*So shall thy barns be filled with  
plenty, and thy presses shall burst out  
with new wine.*

**My son, despise not the chastening  
of the LORD ; neither be weary of his  
correction.**

**For whom the LORD loveth he  
correcteth ; even as a father the  
son in whom he delighteth.**

## Responsive Scripture Readings.

### Selection 11.

ECCLESIASTES 12 (1-7).

**REMEMBER** now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them ;

*While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain :*

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

*And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low ;*

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail : because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets :

*Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.*

**Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was : and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.**

### Selection 12.

ISAIAH 55 (1-7).

**Ho**, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy, and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

*Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread ? and your labour for that which satisfieth not ? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.*

Incline your ear, and come unto me : hear, and your soul will live ; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you even the sure mercies of David.

*Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.*

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel ; for he hath glorified thee.

*Seek ye the LORD while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near :*

**Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts : and let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.**

### Selection 13.

MATTHEW 5 (1-12).

**AND** seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain : and when he was set, his disciples came unto him :

*And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,*

Blessed are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

*Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.*

Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.

*Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled.*

Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

*Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.*

Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called the children of God.

*Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

**Rejoice, and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven : for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.**

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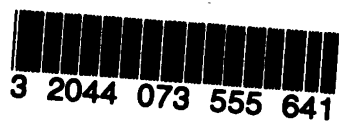






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